

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

DECEMBER 3, 1957

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR



RUSSIA AND PHYSICAL FITNESS

*For the first time,
Photographer Jerry Cooke
documents in words
and pictures the full story
of the Soviet Union's
tremendous drive
to world supremacy in sports*

16 PAGES IN FULL COLOR

U.S.S.R.'S FUTURE DAVIS CUP CONTENDER



**Holiday treat: luxury shirts that wash & wear!
Made possible by Acrilan®. . . made by Arrow**

Feast your eyes on a truly terrific sports shirt. Rugged-looking, yet casually soft to the touch. Light in weight, long on warmth for indoor-outdoor comfort. Stands up to steady wear, takes repeated washings without losing its colorful good looks. (Tip to the Mrs: these shirts machine-wash

at warm-water setting, drip dry, need little if any ironing . . . thanks to the high content of Acrilan acrylic fiber by Chemstrand.) Arrow tailors them in a dazzling array of stripes and plaids. Give them. Get them. Either way, you're doing great!

Sports shirts by **ARROW**

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See "Sally," new TV comedy starring Joan Crawford, Sunday nights, NBC-TV Network, sponsored by The Chemstrand Corporation. Check paper for time



A cigarette tastes better when you know you're cutting way down on nicotine and tars!

No cigarette that relies on a filter alone comes even close to **KING SANO** in reducing nicotine and tars!

Only King Sano reduces nicotine and tars where it really counts—in the tobacco itself. Only then is a most efficient filter added.

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Today's clean tasting King Sano is the culmination of five years' development by United States Tobacco Company.

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Micograms of nicotine
in smoke of 1 cigarette

Micograms of tar
in smoke of 1 cigarette

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1.3	18.1	BRAND A
1.7	20.2	BRAND B
1.8	20.2	BRAND C
2.0	23.7	BRAND D
2.3	23.7	BRAND E
2.4	21.9	BRAND F
2.5	23.9	BRAND G
2.5	24.5	BRAND H
2.6	24.9	BRAND I

30 cigarettes of nicotine and tar shown are based on the results of a continuing study by R.E. Smith & Associates, Inc., independent analytical chemists, of the average nicotine and tar content of 1000-10 cigarette brands on the open market.

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TASTES
FRESH,
CLEAN,
GOOD!



Five tobaccos reduced in tars and nicotine are also used in Sano Admiration Cigars and Sano Pipe Tobacco.



White Stag tends to your knitting

Isn't this just about that time of the year you say to yourself "I really ought to get him something special?"

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Just in time for Christmas giving come big, brawny sweaters that so clearly reflect "The Vinal Look."

He with the holly is wearing the Ski-Vee. It's a ski-type of pure 100% virgin worsted wool that goes well wherever sweaters go well. Sells for

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You understand, of course, that many more ideas like this await you whenever stores feature the White Stag. You really ought to see more of them, to fit every purpose and price.

White Stag Manufacturing Co., Portland, Oregon

At BLOOMINGDALE'S SKI SHOP, New York and Sanford • MARSHALL FIELD, Chicago • JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY, Pittsburgh • KLEINHANS, Buffalo • THE HUBBEE COMPANY, Cleveland • MEIER & FRANK, Portland • ELLIS STORES, Greensboro, N.C. • And other fine stores throughout America.





Acknowledgments on page 16

COVER: U.S.S.R. DAVIS CUP HOPE
Photograph by Jerry Cooke

Although this young man is a good many years away from international competition, he exemplifies the determination of the Russians to excel at all sports. Photographer Cooke documents this Soviet drive in words and color photographs, beginning on page 37.

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FURY FROM THE EAST

The Russians' bold hockey bid fails impressively. By SCOTT YOUNG

18

The Russians' desperate soccer bid just succeeds. By JOHN MULLIKEN

26

THE CUDGEL AND THE RAPIER

22

A preview of the Army-Navy classic and the rival quarterbacks IN COLOR

A NEW LOOK AT THE U.S.S.R.

37-62

The story behind Kharin's ambitious drive toward physical fitness and world sports supremacy is documented in 16 pages of stunning COLOR photographs and in notes by Photographer JERRY COOKE

LAMBS INTO LIONS

67

These rambunctious Defenders are moving up the pre picture. By TEE MAULE

A FLURRY OF PHEASANTS

77

At the Vau Ales preserve a skylark is converted to European-style shooting

THE BEST TWO-HAND CARD GAME

85

That's right, according to CHARLES GREEN, who here-with presents 24 tips which should help you win, plus a quiz to test your skill

THE DEPARTMENTS

• COMING EVENTS	1	• EVENTS & DISCOVERIES	21
• SCOREBOARD	2	• TIP FROM THE TOP	32
• PIGSKIN PANORAMA	13	• BONNIE PRUDEN	33
• HICKMAN'S HUNCHES	15	• HOTBOX	36
• FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR	16	• THE 13TH HOLE	37
• FROM THE FLYWAYS	16	• PAT ON THE BACK	36

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**AN ENTIRELY NEW
LOOK AT COLLEGE
BASKETBALL**

In a Special Issue devoted to the fastest-growing sport in America, you will see things you never saw before and will learn things you never knew



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never changes!

TEACHER'S

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88% PROOF • Blended Scotch Whisky

Schieffelin & Co., New York

COMING EVENTS

NOV. 29-DEC. 8

■ TV ■ TUESDAY TV ■ WEDNESDAY TV
All times E.S.T., except where otherwise noted

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29

Baseball

(Professional)
Detroit at Cincinnati

Boxing

• **Pauli Wex** vs. **Johnny Boyce**, lightweight, 10 rds., 10 p.m., New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Golf

• **Southern Senior Championship**, Potomac, D.C. through Dec. 15

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30

Baseball

(Professional)
Boston at Boston

New York at Philadelphia

Cincinnati at Detroit

St. Louis at Washington

Boxing

• **World National Tournament**, Los Angeles through Dec. 15

Football

(College)
Alabama vs. Auburn, Birmingham

• **Army vs. Navy**, Philadelphia, 3:35 p.m. (NBC)

Georgia Tech vs. Georgia, Miami

Kent State vs. Bowling Green, Windsor, Mass.

• **Michigan State vs. Minnesota**, State College, Minn.

• **North Carolina vs. Southern California**, Santa Clara, Ind., 3:35 p.m. (NBC)

• **Oakland vs. California State**, Menlo Park, Calif.

• **Stanford vs. Kentucky**, Knoxville, Tenn.

• **Texas Christian vs. Southern Methodist**, Fort Worth, Texas

(Professional)
Canadian Football, the Grey Cup Game, Toronto

Golf

• **All Star Golf**, Ralph Kautman vs. 1963 Ryder Cup Team, A.S., 4 p.m. on each local zone (NBC)

Hockey

Detroit at Toronto

Chicago at Montreal

• Detroit at New York, 2 p.m. (CBS)

Horse Racing

• **Las Vegas Special**, \$50,000 buy-in, 10 rds., 10 p.m., Las Vegas, Nev.

Horse Shows

• **1963 Kentucky Exposition**, Chicago through Dec. 15
• **Boston Brook Fall Show**, Jamaica, N.Y. through Dec. 15

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1

Auto Racing

• **WAC 1250 Car-Race**, Riverside, Calif.

• **Phoenix Speed Week**, Phoenix through Dec. 5, 6 & 8

Baseball

(Professional)
Boston at Detroit

Detroit at New York

St. Louis at Cincinnati

Boxing

• **Brooklyn Kennel Club Show**, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Football

• **Chicago Bears at Cleveland** (Sports Network, Inc.)

• **Los Angeles at Baltimore** (CBS)

• **Pittsburgh at Philadelphia** (CBS)

• **San Francisco at New York** (CBS)

• **Washington at Chicago Bears** (CBS)

Hockey

Detroit at Boston

New York at Detroit

Toronto at Chicago

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2

Baseball

(College)
Cory vs. Columbia, New York

Indiana vs. Ohio, Birmingham, Ind.

• **Kentucky vs. Duke**, Lexington, Ky.

• **Lebanon vs. Knoxville**, Knoxville, Ky.

• **Michigan State vs. Butler**, East Lansing, Mich.

• **North Carolina vs. Southern California**, Santa Clara, Ind.

• **Oakland vs. California State**, Menlo Park, Calif.

• **Stanford vs. Kentucky**, Knoxville, Tenn.

• **Texas Christian vs. Southern Methodist**, Fort Worth, Texas

Boxing

• **Canell Hall** vs. **Ray Donatelli**, welterweight, 10 rds., 10 p.m., New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3

Baseball

(College)
Cory vs. Columbia, New York

Indiana vs. Ohio, Birmingham, Ind.

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* See local listing.

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Announcing a new formulation of Royal Triton 10-30 the amazing purple motor oil

Now more than ever before all-weather Royal Triton 10-30 prolongs your engine's trouble-free performance for thousands of extra miles. Royal Triton 10-30, the all-weather grade of the amazing purple motor oils. Ask for it wherever fine motor oils are sold.

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MEMO *from the publisher*

TWO ODDS are heavily against inventing, out of thin air, a sport equally interesting to players and spectators and able to rise in a comparatively short span of years to the front ranks. But the annual proof comes around next week that, whatever the odds, it can be done. For as December begins, basketball—which Dr. James Naismith conjured up in 1891—once more takes over courts across the country and vies again for the honor, sometimes claimed for it and a hard one to disprove, of out-drawing all other sports.

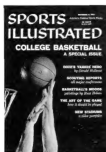
Next week **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** presents its first Special Basketball Issue. Basketball Editor Jerry Tux and his colleagues have assembled a worthy counterpart of the special issues on baseball and football.

Roy Terrell puts the ball in play with an article on the qualities which make basketball popular; analyzes such factors as excessive fouls and the premium on excessive height which subject it to criticism; and cites the teams likely to be on top when the season is over.

As usual in special issues, Scouting Reports play a big role. They will cover the 17 major NCAA conferences and outstanding independents; describe conference characteristics; list last year's team records; and include pictures of *the must to watch* in each conference, and other leading players. Based on firsthand observation and contact with the coaches of each team, they are a season-long guide to 176 teams.

Basketball is, among other things, a theory of play. To clarify that, photographs illustrate classic elements—the jump shot, the set shot, the fast break, dribbling, screening and faking. It is also a state of mind and body, captured in paintings by Russell Hoban which reveal a complex pattern of action and rhythm as seen by a notably sensitive artist. Basketball is coaches, too. This brings up Frank McGuire, late of Brooklyn, now a hero of the South. Leader of last year's national champions, undefeated North Carolina, he is the subject of a word portrait by Gerald Holland. And, finally, basketball, like all sports, is color—represented by pictures of North Carolina at practice and of three of the lavish stadiums (Ohio State, Maryland and Kansas) which have been springing up like gold-plated mushrooms.

Altogether, next week's issue not only brings basketball as up-to-date as today but also points to where you may expect to find it after the opening whistle blows tomorrow.



Harry Phillips

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

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Just for fun

...telephone out-of-town friends tonight

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City	Distance (mi)	Rate (\$/hr)	Time (hr)	Cost (\$)
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Pittsburgh to Buffalo	250	150	1.5	375
New Orleans to Houston	800	200	4	800
Boston to St. Louis	810	350	2.3	1868
Philadelphia to Dallas	810	400	2.0	1620

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St. Louis	SCOTT'S
San Francisco	THE WHEEL HOUSE
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SCOREBOARD

these faces in the crowd . . .



Mickey Hanks, slugging New York Yankee outfielder whose batting stalled off ever so slightly this year, still won American League's MVP award for second time. Said Mickey: "A complete surprise . . . I thought Ted Williams would win it easily."



Mrs. Jan Burke, monsignor's wife who has been around race tracks almost all her life, got her biggest thrill when galloping 5-year-old, Indomitable, recently retired, was named handicaps horse of the year in annual Morning Telegraph poll last February.

RECORD BREAKERS

Donnie DeLoach, 25-year-old switch hitter from Grants Pass, Ore., was listed to get in ball for year's career batting record, shuffling hands at 10-hour intervals as he nonstoply batted down pins for 41 hours until his weary legs gave out after 347 games at McLeod, Ore. His average: .152 (Nov. 18).

Charles Garcia and Jack Shellen, roller-skating College of Pacific seniors, running alternate stations, dogpiled, jumped in second track at Stockton, Calif. for 41:13.8 to break U.S. standard for skaters in one-man double-play (Nov. 11).

Peter Marabakis, half-masted Christian weight lifter, pressed 325 pounds at River, was awarded with new world middle heavy-weight mark (Nov. 22).

FOOTBALL

College football continued to give out sport games as teams headed into home stretch. Kentucky placed itself up after seven losses in South Tennessee out of stage bowl with 20-6 triumph while Duke, later accused to appear Oklahoma 10-7 victory over Nebraska in strange bowl, fell before North Carolina 21-13 and Rose Bowl-bound Oregon was out down by Oregon State 30-7. On more even level, Iowa damped Notre Dame out of the division 21-19; Rice beat TCU 40-6; Princeton outmanned Dartmouth 33-14 for Ivy League title; Ohio State galloped over Michigan 31-14; Auburn defeated Florida State 27-7. Tennessee dropped all star as Yale showed no mercy in 34-6 shattering of Harvard; UCLA beat USC 28-6; Stanford squared up California in 14-12.

Baltimore Colts overhauled San Francisco 27-21 in closing minutes, scored all alone at top of NFL Western Division after Chicago Bears surprised Detroit 27-7. In East, Buffalo Football Jim Brown scored four times, belted 221 yards for six-league leading record, carried first-down Cleveland to 40-15 victory over Los Angeles. New York Giants triumphed with touching distance of Browns, outlasting Chicago Cards 28-21. Other winners Green Bay 21-Pittsburgh 14; Philadelphia 21-Washington 12.

HORSE RACING

Jeffrey's Reward, Mrs. Elizabeth Graham's pretty bay, better known as John in stable hands, exploded out of gate under Jim hands of Willie Shoemaker,

focus on the deed . . .



skipper through door commanding and instantly to draw breath ahead of chaffing Nala for victory in \$100,000 Preakness Purse. John posted up \$113,341, nudged total for year in five winning starts to \$119,042, most ever by 2-year-old colt and more than combined earnings of Man o' War, Secretariat, Assault, Pay Dirt, Dan Patch, War Admiral and Exterminator at same age.

Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs' Promised Land, sent changing through right park by rich Dan Willie Hartack in time to push neck in front at wire, won \$12,000 Midwest Handicap at Kansas to push Hartack's record stakes victories to 45, earnings of his 1957 season to all-time high of \$1,022,278.

Bald Baker, there with moment when chips were down in last Thoroughbred battle with Gallant Fox and Ransom Place, was Morning Telegraph and Daily Racing Form's pick for Horse of Year and last 3-year-old runner. Other champions: Bayou, 3-year-old filly; Matt, 3-year-old, Seattle; 2-year-old colts, Doncha, Sandring House; Packer Up, handicap mare; Derivation, sprinter; Round Table, gram horse; Nemo, stepfatherless.

BASEBALL

Billy Martin, grandest former Yankee whose after-hours exploits prompted his exile to Kansas City, named as an early player in 13-man relay between Atlanta and Detroit Tigers but showed little participation for role—when he got out in the game of catch. Others ruled in long-shed shifts: Outfielders Bill Tufts and Jim Buss, Pitcher Steve Masi and John Tatum; Catcher Frank Rosen and one unnamed minor leaguer to Kansas City; Outfielder Gus Bonini and Lou Albano; Pitchers Tom Morgan and Melvin Miller; and Catcher Tim Thompson to Detroit.

SOCCER

Kansas Soccer, beaten by Poland October 20 in home playoff, did not make water available again, striking awkwardly in each half to smother Poland 2-0 before 110,000 who jam-packed neutral Lehigh Valley Stadium, to qualify for World Soccer Cup championships in Stockholm next June (see page 25).

BOXING

Bary Calahan, young middleweight alonging boy Don White Plains, N.Y. who spends his off-training hours

ENTERTAINMENT
'GETS ROUGH

Professional wrestling has long been classified as entertainment but things got out of hand one night last week at New York's Madison Square Garden, where some 12,000 demonstrative fans became involved in a full-scale riot at the conclusion of the main event, a tag team match. It all started when Herve Andre and Hercules, a hot-tempered Latin, became enraged at the unusual sight of his own kind, charged one of his opponents, Villain Dr. Jerry Graham, and proceeded to bash his head against a handy ring post. Now it was Graham's turn to blood (spelt) and the chairs and bottles began to fly from all directions. Police finally restored order as Hercules' admirers proudly shouldered him off (left). Next stop was the New York State Athletic Commission office, where John Holland faced Herve and Graham sent \$1,000.



Sam Harkis, 49-year-old, second-grade PE teacher and winner of Indianapolis' annual May, who will retire after Dec. 1, 2004, is a member of the American Bar Association. He has been married for 15 years and has one child, a son, who is a member of the American Bar Association.

[illegible][illegible]

California State Wildlife Commissioner Chalmers Dun, D, Elmer, who had recently announced that Hispanics had been making substantial contributions to the state's economy, was not at all sympathetic. "Little Man, little Man," he said, "I'm not sure that's really a different name from Mr. Brown. And saying that Hispanics have been named in California is like saying 'Little, if any, ability to defend himself' . . . to someone, a human, certainly has."

BASKETBALL

Boston Tribune, 1905, without a price. With 100 copies, was sent to the N.Y. Tribune and the American, the latter, says Deane, sent them to Bryant, "indicating thereby, made no acknowledgment of the gift." The gift, 11,200, "throughout 1811-12" and 1812, actually going to 11, had one Bryant and Philadelphia in which Bryant's *Frederick Douglass* was sent, and also to the *Wentworth*, where 85. In another New York Tribune, Boston 11,200, to find the gift, was sent to the *Frederick Douglass*, and the *Wentworth*.

HOCKEY

New York, managers, claiming their assumptions of a lack of NIH influence on their market subsegment, overestimated sales in the high-price, specialty drug market and consequently do not have a full understanding of what is going on in the market.



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"famous golf hole" gift boxes!

Think of it—the ball United States Testing Company proved best, the incomparable Squidling DOT—is now packaged in the most beautiful gift boxes you ever saw!

These striking boxes in simulated leather convert readily to attractive cigarette containers and have a wide variety of other uses.

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carries a full-color reproduction of a famous golf hole, painted by the beloved sportsman and artist, Mr. Eric Hone.

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SCOREBOARD

Continued



Crawford Kennedy, center, has been named the 1957-58 National State Wrestling Champion. He is a member of the University of Texas at Austin. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation.

London, Toronto and other U. S. Canadian, leading wrestling events. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation.

Wrestling—The National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation.

HARNESS RACING

Walter Reed, a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation.

Max Baer, a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation.

HORSE SHOW

U.S. Army, a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation.

MILEPOSTS

Walter Reed, a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation.

Max Baer, a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation. He is a member of the National Wrestling Federation.



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PIGSKIN PANORAMA

continued

was let fourth straight game for Clark, beating Missouri on a lustrous field goal 9-7.

THE SOUTHWEST

Texas A&M seems doomed to be derailed as plans in the Cotton Bowl in its first year of eligibility since its recent rise under Coach Bear Bryant. The Aggies and Rice have each been beaten once in Southern Conference play, but Rice, having slipped past Texas A&M, remains the Dallas-led with a victory Saturday over Baylor. In this event, whoever wins Thanksgiving Day's Texas-Texas A&M game might take a consolation trip to the Sugar Bowl.

Meanwhile, Rice kept its winning bannered through the Big 6-0-0 Quarterback King Hill, playing with his broken nose housed in a plastic mask, once again turned in the best game in the series.

Houston, with another Missouri Valley championship in its hip pocket, was its first game in four tries at Tulsa's Skelly Stadium, coming in the fourth period to spoil the double. Houston's homecoming 18-5.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

With such colorful rivalries as the Denver-Boulder and Utah-Arizona State games scheduled for Thanksgiving Day, the past country of the Rockies was remarkably quiet.

Colorado did, however, and down third place in the Big Eight by crushing Iowa State 30-0. The Buffaloes crushed 154 yards, 137 of them by Halfback Bob Stansky, their All-American candidate.

In Peoria, Utah, a surprisingly virile Brigham Young team stayed alive in the Skyline Conference by crushing Colorado State 28-9. Should Utah lose this week, BYU would take the title.

THE FAR WEST

On the coast, everyone was telling off everyone else, and when it was all over no one was left but Oregon and Oregon State. And Oregon, sporting a shaky 7-3 record, most represent the PCC in the Rose Bowl. Tame two met at Eugene, and a costly fumbling prevented the Websters from taking undisputed claim to the PCC title. Oregon finally lost to last year's champion, Oregon State, 14-7, on a third-period field goal.

Halfback Al Harrington, his broken paw swelled up like an old bumper, came in to kick both extra points as Stanford won the Big Game for Retiring Coach Chuck Taylor. The Indians took back the Aztec with the 14-12 victory over California.

UCLA, traveling in a void laid down by the NCAA, finished the season with a splendid 8-2 record by waltzing through USC 28-9 in the mountain Los Angeles rivalry.

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

for games of
Saturday, November 30

■ **Army-Navy.** TV Game of the Week. Two direct opposites in offensive operations. Cadets are a running team, and have more of the downback than the top top. Midshipmen, with pro-ranked Knickerbocker at the helm, stress passing game in all its phases. Defense is, Middle have been more consistent than Cadets. **NAVY.**

■ **Blue-Boys.** Bears expected to finish at or near the top but find themselves on the bottom. Oaks surprised and win over Texas A&M. Going with the Oaks and their brilliant quarterback, King Hill. **DUKE.**

■ **Mississippi State-Mississippi State.** With Stacey as quarterback can spell trouble for the Rebels. Still I must stick to the bigger and deeper squad. **MISSISSIPPI.**

■ **Arkansas-Robert.** "Although we are not now that strength which is the old days moved earth and heaven" the once-mighty Crimson Tide will make a last-ditch effort to ruin the trend of a hated enemy. **ARIZONA.**

■ **Holy Cross-Dartmouth College.** Eagles after opening recorded loss to Navy have gone down and there is a serious possibility that a win over Holy Cross will bring a bowl bid. Crusaders' record not as impressive, but certainly has been tougher. **HOLY CROSS.**

■ **Maine-Florida.** This has been a rebuilding year for the Hurricanes, and they have taken their lumps. The Gators are enjoying their best season in several years, and a win over Miami might put them in the Gator Bowl. Inevitable, strength and more consistent play says... **FLORIDA.**

■ **North Carolina-Virginia.** Tatum's Tar Heels are up and snort the Blue Devils, a well-remembered blow in Durham. Cavaliers have had only a poor season but could catch Carolina off in the middle of a victory parade. Nonetheless... **NORTH CAROLINA.**

■ **Oklahoma-Oklahoma State.** The Aggies would like nothing better than adding insult to injury by a win over the Sooners whose new winning streak may make it one. May be much closer than you would think, but the Sooners should make it two in a row... **OKLAHOMA.**

ALSO:

Nebraska over Southern California
Georgia Tech over Georgia
Air Force Academy over Colorado State
Tennessee over Vanderbilt
Southern Methodist over Texas Christian
South Carolina over Wake Forest
Dartmouth over Furman
Brigham Young over New Mexico
Louisiana State over Tulane
Tulsa over Wichita

Last week's hunches:
18 right, 6 wrong, 3 tie
Record to date: 140-75-12



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- Los Angeles, Calif. Bullocks Westwood
H. A. Chapman
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DAKS

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED
DECEMBER 2, 1967

FURY FROM



THE EAST

The U.S.S.R. made two important moves last week in its drive for world sports supremacy. A bold move ended in impressive failure, and a desperate one brought less impressive success.

At the 1956 Winter Olympics the Russians captured the ice hockey honors, amazing the world and embarrassing Canadians, who like to consider this game their own. But there were many at Cortina who felt that the Canadians played in conditions which handicapped them. To go some way to settling the argument, a Moscow All-Star team has invaded the enemy's own camp. Its first game

stirred enormous excitement, which was not reflected in the U.S. press. It is described below by a distinguished Canadian writer.

Less than 48 hours later—and 4,000 miles away—the Russians were plunged into another battle of portent which also went largely unnoticed here. Little Poland had challenged the mighty U.S.S.R. for its hitherto undisputed soccer leadership of Eastern Europe—and the right to go to Stockholm for the finals of the World Soccer Cup next year. How that challenge fared is told on page 20 by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S Bonn correspondent, John Mulliken.

Grudge Game No. 1: CANADIANS 7 RUSSIANS 2

by SCOTT YOUNG

FROM THE INSTANT that 21 hockey-playing chaps from Russia stropped to the ice at Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens last week, Canadians became uneasy. More than 200 men watched the Russians practice that day. Since the public was excluded, all were sports-writers, scouts, coaches, managers and players. They positively marvelled at the way the Russians skated, passed, dribbled the puck with their feet like soccer players, skated on one foot for vast distances, jumped four feet in the air, drilled pucks into goal corners, shaved their own hockey sticks and sharpened their own skates.

Afternoon papers used 36-point front-page headlines saying such things as, *RUSS: AMAZED*. Bobby Bauer, a former NHL great, said they had improved in everything over the Russian team that beat the Canadians whom

Bauer coached at the last Winter Olympics; especially in shooting, he said gleefully, which had been their only weak spot before. Kenny Hearn was an all-star NHL defense man. He thought that the Whitty Huskies, amateur champions of Canada last year, who will represent us at the world championships in Oslo next February and were to play Russia in the first game of this Canadian tour, might be too slow for the Russians.

When Russia took the ice last week against Whitty, 11,127 were on hand (nearly 2,000 of them standees). The Gardens had been sold out 70 minutes after tickets went on sale, a week before. More millions across the country would follow the game by nationwide TV and radio. Everywhere the psychic fear of losing to the Russians at our game in the 1954 world championships and 1956 Olympics ached and ached, because most people suspected it was going to happen again—and right in our own backyard.

That was the feeling as the Russians lined up four times at different parts of the ice, to face all sections of the crowd and give a stick-raised, shouted salute.

That was the feeling as the rink was darkened and the players lined up on their blue lines and the band played *God Save the Queen* and then the Russian anthem, *Gloria Sportivnaya Rossii*.

The game began. The puck went back to Nikolai Solovtsov. He's the Russian captain and star defense man, and his leg gun had been the delight of photographers for two days. Head up, long-featured face intent, baggy red pants windblown, he rushed; the puck flicked along at the end of his white-taped stick as if tied there by an invisible string. Across the Whitty blue-line. Short pass to Nikolai Klyosov at center. Dark and slick Yuri Pastukhov was flying in on right wing, to take Klyosov's pass. In on goal, all alone, a stick-branded the puck right past Carl Detzel in the Whitty net. The time was 57 seconds.

Well, we all said rather sickly, applauding the beautiful play, that was a pretty good goal.

And 36 seconds later, with the dazzled Whittys faling the empty air, the Russians were in again with a checkerboard passing play, Lobtev to

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL GOODMAN

BLINDING SPEED, aided with arabesque skating and uncanny control of the puck, bewildered Canadians in opening minutes.

Grudge Game No. 2: U.S.S.R. 2 POLAND 0

by JOHN MULLIKEN

THE RUSSIANS are directed by a series of sacred Communist plans: Five-Year Plans; and plans for teams which are supposed to lead them quickly and efficiently to Olympic world championships. Nothing is more serious to a Russian Communist than that these plans should be carried out exactly, and precisely on time. Any mistake, delay, or even slowing up, be it most unpleasant for those involved, whether they be scientists, factory managers, soldiers or athletes. Last month one of Communist Russia's most precious plans, the winning of the World Football Cup in Sweden in 1958, not only got off schedule and broke down but was almost completely derailed by one of her most irritating allies—Poland.

The Poles, definitely a second-class soccer country as compared to the Russians' first-class status, violently upset Soviet Russia's sense of football fitness by winning a frenzied World Cup elimination match in Charnov 2 to 1 on October 29. It had been only a year ago that October, in a political showdown, that Poland's underdog Gomulka had heroically wrecked another Russian plan when he had proved it a face-to-face contest with Russia's Khrushchev that there might be two roads to socialism. Now the Poles were going one step further. They were trying to prove there was only one road to Sweden and that they were taking it.

The Russians had started confidently. In European elimination groups they had defeated the Poles in Moscow 3 to 0, and it seemed as if the football plan, as being met, and that their football squad, as the winner of one of 16 elimination groups playing in 1957 in Europe, North and South America, North Africa and Asia, would be right on schedule. Then came the second match with Poland in Charnov; and when Poland whipped Finland the Russians were suddenly made aware that they would have to meet the Poles again in a playoff match on neutral

ground; there was even horrible talk that the plan would not be met and the Russian football team would never be seen in the finals in Sweden.

While both football squads trained and waited, tension built up in Poland and Russia. The playoff game, scheduled for November 24, became more than a very exciting sporting prospect; momentarily it acquired the status of a symbol of possible satellite independence from Moscow.

Only 10 days before the match, Leipzig's new 100,000-seat stadium was chosen as the site of the playoff from among stadiums in Belgrade, Vienna and Helsinki. The picking of Leipzig brought the Germans emotionally and financially into the picture, especially in Berlin, long sensitive to clashes between East and West.

Against them both

"It is difficult for us," explained one of West Berlin's most knowledgeable football buffs the night before the game, as he hunched over his tall glass of Pils in the smoky Sportsklause bar next to the Sportpalast, West Berlin's Madison Square Garden. "We normally don't like the Poles." He went on, taking a long sip. "But we want the Russians to lose."

This expert, however, like most of the other soccer gentlemen who nightly discuss their passion in the Sportsklause bar, was a realist. He agreed with the odds of 7 to 4 in favor of a Russian win. "I hate to admit that," he continued, nodding slowly. "However, if the first goal is Polish, then everything might be different," he added.

Sunday was gray and cold and the first snow of the year—a thin film—covered the Berlin streets. The bus transporting the Western press, some 18 of us, mostly West German sports reporters and editors. I was the only American, moved through the still dark streets of East Berlin at just after 7 a.m. in high-backed Communist fashion, the East German government

press bureau had insisted that all Western journalists ride the 100-mile miles from East Berlin to Leipzig in the official bus. This demand had caused many devious trips, including one by a one-legged sports editor from Nurnberg, a West German city less than 200 miles from Leipzig, who in this roundabout fashion covered some 600 miles.

The East Germans were not going to have a group of Western journalists poking around their area, not even for a few hours; thus, the bus, a useful form of confinement, was used, and the sportswriters were hustled through the East Zone to Leipzig and tossed back into Berlin in one quick day.

At 7:45 the bus halted at the border of the East Zone of Germany. Out of a small control-point shack came two soldiers in brownish uniforms with green tabs. They were from the East German army, and they inspected the bus quickly. Behind them two short, tough-looking Soviet soldiers in fur caps stood and watched.

Once on the Autobahn which runs between Berlin and Leipzig, we were able to see the drab emptiness of the East Zone. Whereas in West Germany new building developments spring up in a matter of months, there seems to be almost no building here. Much war damage remains unrepaired. Bullet holes pockmark the buildings.

As we approached Leipzig, soldiers in post-boxes carrying guns to two match. In the city everyone seemed to be walking toward Central Stadium, although it was still two hours before game time.

Over the Hotel Astoria, where 18 Soviet soccer men were staying, hung a red flag with its hammer and sickle. Around the corner, 16 Polish players were living at the Hotel International. Between them, on the front of an office building, was strung a long red banner which announced: "1917-1957—49 years that changed the world."

Out by the high walls of the stadium, which was only finished in August



SOCCER SPURTNIK, the Soviet outside left, Valeriy Litvinov, the Soviet Polish defender Wronski in race for ball. Poles dominated in early stages of World Soccer Cup qualifying game in Leipzig last Sunday, but Soviet dominated, earned a 2-0 victory, which insures a berth for the Red among the 16 who will fight for the cup next summer in Stockholm. Most of over 100,000 East German spectators by match 12,000 Red Army men, turned up for the Poles in historic game at which Ilie-Iliev of Bulgaria (top) the only American present.

1968, the crowd was even thicker. Soviet officers and soldiers, mixed among East German civilians. Of the 100,000 seats in the stadium, which also has room for 10,000 spectators, 12,000 seats had been turned over to Soviet troops and officials in East Germany. Not many Russians had traveled to Leipzig from Russia, but 1,000 Poles, some of them rewarded for having exceeded their work norms, had come from Poland. They were strongly in evidence on one corner where a group of young boys were blowing horns, waving red and white Polish flags and holding

a placard which read, "Footballers, you will see, Poland goes to Sweden."

The beautiful stadium was packed for the kickoff. At one end between the flags of Russia and Poland surprisingly flew the Union Jack of Great Britain. This unusual nod to the English was for the referee on the day, John Holden Clough. Clough had refereed the first two games so well that both teams had requested him for the playoff.

In the first few minutes of play the teams looked considerably similar. The Russians in red jerseys, white pants and red socks were slightly bigger than

the Poles in their white jerseys, red pants and red socks with single white stripes. The Russians had fielded a team consisting of Iurich goalkeeper; Igenkov, right back; Kossarov, center half, called middle half in the Russians' concentrated defensive system, also used by the Poles; Kuznetsov, left back; Witkov, right half; Captain Igor Netto, left half; Tatarsky outside right; Fomov outside left; Mamedov, center forward; Stetskov inside left; and Kovaljev outside left. Prague stars were the fantastic

continues on page 23

THE CUDGEL

by DON PARKER

A FOOTBALL TEAM—particularly a T-formation football team—tends to take on the personality of its quarterback, since he not only thinks for the team but also initiates each play. Nothing could illustrate this thesis better than the game coming up in Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium next Saturday when Army meets Navy. Army's Hudgeons, the opposition, running through and over it with the power plays of the belly series that are so characteristic of its muck-and-down

offense. Navy, on the other hand, passes and fends like a man with a rapier—probing for a weakness in the center of the line, testing the strength of the flank, throwing the long pass and then the short one, until finally the enemy has been outmaneuvered. Both teams are, in their different ways, characteristic of the two very different young men who will be guiding them.

There's Bourland of Army, the machine. His mind is direct and methodical. "You got to form good habits," he says. "If something changes from what you're used to, you're in trouble."

Toss Forrestal of Navy is the gambler. "Figure out what they think you're going to do," he says. "Then do something else."

Both are 21, both are lanky and superbly coordinated, both are mature. But here the similarity ends.

Bourland is a deliberate Texan.

"I plan for a game," he will tell you, the manner of his choice hand-cuffing. "I study a team's defenses, and I try to gauge my calls the way we attacked them. You got to have a plan in a game. You got to stick to it."

This is Bourland's biggest fault. He is not too adaptable, and he admires it. "When the game plan doesn't go—when another team changes the defenses I expect them to use—I get concerned. I usually ask my linemen for help in analyzing the new defense."

Forrestal is also opposite. He has an uneasy ability to pick out the weakness in a defense in a very few minutes. And if the good young man ever gets concerned, he never shows it. He is an exceptional passer and a caddy play caller. At Annapolis they pull out that old cliché and say he has ice water in his veins.

Bourland has studied Forrestal in movies. After long hours of watching Navy's quarterback perform on the screen he offers this criticism:

"I don't think he's as methodical as he could be. His feet are slower in the same place three or four plays and because of this he'll cross up his other backs on handoffs. He's great on roll-outs and his deception is good, but his handoffs are sloppy. I try to run through a play exactly the same way every time. Put my cleats in the same holes. You get precision that way. I figure if you change gears all the time, you're going to get a jerky ride."

Forrestal, seen in an Irishman's mold, is broadside-like, straightforward, but not without that inherent Irish guile.

"I haven't seen Bourland enough to evaluate him. Maybe he's right about my handoffs, but I haven't noticed it, and the other guys in the backfield



ARMY'S CUDGEL: (left to right) Army's Joe Buckner (left), Barry Walters, and Rob Anderson (right) start play against

and THE RAPIER

- **Event:** the 58th meeting since 1890 between Army and Navy
- **Place:** 60,000-seat Municipal Stadium, Philadelphia
- **Broadcast:** NBC Radio; NBC color TV (12 noon, E.S.T.)
- **1957 records:** Army won 7, lost 1; Navy won 7, lost 1, tied 1

haven't either. We go pretty good, and we're going to go good Saturday. I guess you could say Army will be the toughest team we play all season. I hope we beat them. I think we can. But I don't like to brag about something I'm going to do and then not be able to produce. I just produce."

Bourland is a rather predictable play caller. "I feel we can make our ground game go against any team," he says. "Sure, Navy expects us to run, and we will, but I don't think they can stop it. We have great blocking out front and two halfbacks that know how to twist. Navy's going to have to defend our ground game, so when I do throw I should be able to complete."

Bourland's completion record at Army is an excellent 48 of 55 for 663 yards, five TDs and a 54½ average.

But Forrestal, ninth best passer in the nation with 72 completions in 111 attempts, is the more dangerous through the air. He throws mainly on rollouts, which give him an open line to run. Unfortunately, he is not a very good runner, so much of the danger the option should present is lost.

Despite the high-scoring history of both teams, Navy has rolled up 26½ points so far, while Army, with 251 points, has not scored less than three times a game! Bourland feels Saturday's game will be a low-point affair.

"I don't think either team is going to do a lot of scoring," he says. "It will be war, or lost, on defense. We're just going to go out there and try to knock them down and keep them down. And if we do that, the scoring part will take care of itself."

If incentive can be counted as a factor, perhaps Navy has the edge. The Naval Academy has announced it will accept a bowl bid (probably the Col-

ton Bowl) if it wins. West Point, on the other hand, has ruled out any such possibility, and the players have given up any hope of a last-minute change.

But, rated team for team, Army appears to have the better chance if its first unit can go all the way. Its offense is one of the most potent in the

country (second is total offense), and 17 interceptions this season speak well for its pass defense.

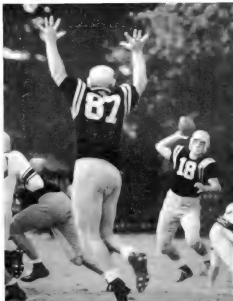
"If I had to pick," says Bourland, "I'd say Army was going to win."

Repeated Forrestal:

"I don't like to brag and not be able to produce."

Really, though, it is a matter of which weapon is going to be the more effective under the circumstances—the edge or the rapier.

FOR SCOUTING REPORTS ON ARMY AND NAVY, TURN THE PAGE



NAVY'S RAPIER shows its pass pattern in Quarterback Forrestal (throws down the middle to Right End Wayne Melroe, 87).



NAVY

The 1987 Midshipmen are dangerous as any in Coach Edible Ede-
litz' eight years at Annapolis. In 1981, by North Carolina and
the Ag Duke showed that their explosive running game can be
stopped, but Navy has rebound since and a bowl hangs in victory

THE BACKFIELD

Navy's backfield is a potent weapon, and it's
very hard to stop. It's a play action threat
that can strike anywhere on the defense,
but it's also one of the most potent.

18 TOM FORRESTAL (5 ft. 11 in., 175 lbs.)
From Cleveland. The red-haired running back
has a little bit of power in the running game,
but he's a hard worker and a playmaker. He
can run with the best of them.

27 NED DUBHAM (5 ft. 10 in., 182 lbs.)
From Philadelphia. Dubham is a true running
back and has a lot of power in the running game.
He can run with the best of them and is a
hard worker. He's a playmaker and a hard
worker.

34 HARRY HURST (5 ft. 10 in., 182 lbs.)
From New York. Hurst is a true running
back and has a lot of power in the running game.
He can run with the best of them and is a
hard worker. He's a playmaker and a hard
worker.

38 RAY WELLSBORN (5 ft. 10 in., 182 lbs.)
From Houston. Wellsborn is a true running
back and has a lot of power in the running game.
He can run with the best of them and is a
hard worker. He's a playmaker and a hard
worker.

21 AL SWANSON (5 ft. 10 in., 182 lbs.)
From West Orange, N.J. Swanson is a true
running back and has a lot of power in the
running game. He can run with the best of
them and is a hard worker. He's a playmaker
and a hard worker.



18 TOM FORRESTAL
Running back



27 NED DUBHAM
Running back



34 HARRY HURST
Running back



38 RAY WELLSBORN
Running back



21 AL SWANSON
Running back



86 TONY STREMIC
Running back



76 BOB REINHART
Running back



61 WAYNE NIJME
Running back



51 MILAN MORDUKOVICH
Running back



63 GEORGE FRITZINGER
Running back



58 BOB REINHART
Running back



87 WAYNE NIJME
Running back

THE LINE

Navy's line is one of the best in the nation
and is a real threat to the defense. It's a
play action threat that can strike anywhere
on the defense, but it's also one of the most
potent. It's a play action threat that can
strike anywhere on the defense, but it's also
one of the most potent.

31 PETE JOHANNICH (5 ft. 11 in., 280 lbs.)
From Los Angeles. Johannich is a true
defensive tackle and has a lot of power in
the defensive line. He can run with the best
of them and is a hard worker. He's a
playmaker and a hard worker.

35 TONY ANTHONY (5 ft. 11 in., 218 lbs.)
From Erie, Pa. A good, steady lineman, but
not in the same class with Johannich or
Stremic. Not as strong as Johannich or
Stremic.

terribly well but hard to trip. Good punter
for his size. He has shown great im-
provement over last year.

31 TONY STREMIC (5 ft. 11 in., 286 lbs.)
From Glenview, Pa. Truly a big-league guard,
very strong blocker, with an apparent
unlimited capacity. He's a real threat to the
defense. He's a playmaker and a hard
worker.

51 MILAN MORDUKOVICH (5 ft. 11 in., 195
lbs.) From Southfield, Ohio. Brought up
from the inside line at halfback, now he's
a true defensive tackle. He's a playmaker
and a hard worker. He's a playmaker and
a hard worker.

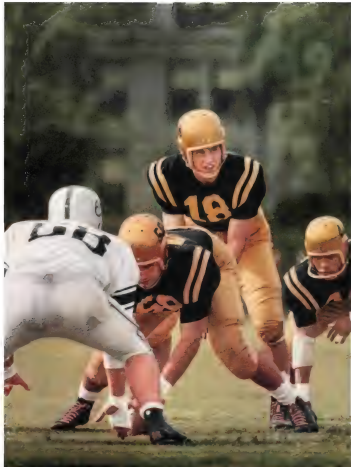
63 GEORGE FRITZINGER (5 ft. 10 in., 280 lbs.)
From Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Big, fast, pulls out

well in and on screens. Plays linebacker on
defense. Will shoot the gap. Hard to get
around the end.

58 BOB REINHART (5 ft. 11 in., 235 lbs.)
From Barkville Centre, N.Y. All-American
candidate, biggest man on campus. Can
block, especially at the line of scrimmage.
He's a playmaker and a hard worker. He's
a playmaker and a hard worker.

87 WAYNE NIJME (5 ft. 11 in., 236 lbs.)
From Pittsburgh. Better defensive than offensive
end. He's a hard worker and a playmaker.
He's a playmaker and a hard worker. He's
a playmaker and a hard worker.

continued



NAVY QUARTER DECK *is run by Tom Ferratal (18) with Bob Reifinger (58), Dick Dagampai (55)*



ARMY QUARTER MASTER *Linebacker 44, heading over Center Jim Kirsner (51), enters signal.*

ARMY



This year Coach Earl Meek has assembled his favorite kind of Army team—a big, strong fullbacker that has averaged 485 yards per game. It will go over, through or around you, and only Notre Dame has stopped it. It looks quite different now.



11 DAVE SEARLAND
Quarterback



21 BOB ANDERSON
Left halfback



24 PETE JENKINS
Right halfback



32 VINCE BARTA
Fullback



33 HARRY WALTERS
Fullback



89 DON URRY
Fullback



72 BILL MELNIK
Fullback



64 BILL ROMB
Fullback



51 DON KERVAN
Fullback



62 STAN SLATER
Right guard



76 FRED WILMOTH
Right tackle



81 BILL GRAY
Right end

THE BACKFIELD

Big enough to go inside, and fast enough to go wide, it also has their kind of passing to keep the defense from squeaking up. Their backfield is its best per game.

11 DAVE SEARLAND (5 ft., 185 lbs.) from El Paso. Solid all-around T quarterback. Fakes well and runs three but doesn't pass often. Fast and tough enough to lead blocking on side plays. Still lets receivers get behind him on long passes.

21 BOB ANDERSON (5 ft. 2 in., 208 lbs.) from Cocoa, Fla. Unusually big, strong first-year fullback, who does not appear fast until the opposition is trying to catch him. Can throw running to right, a good receiver.

24 PETE JENKINS (5 ft. 1 in., 185 lbs.) from Royal Oak, Mich. Not quite as strong a runner as Anderson but makes up for it in speed. Throws left-handed pass on the run. Is very effective on the pitchout and quick opener through the middle.

32 VINCE BARTA (6 ft. 5 in., 205 lbs.) from Lakewood, Ohio. A power runner off tackle and straight ahead. Army will throw to him when he is blocked.

33 HARRY WALTERS (5 ft. 10 in., 190 lbs.) from Cincinnati. Alternates with Barta at fullback and is same type of power runner. Will be used at times to run quarterback on defense.

THE LINE

Army's line is a rock wall straight on, but it can be shifted or shifted. For its size, it moves as fast as any college line. It looks like a wall, but it's not.

81 DON URRY (5 ft. 3 in., 208 lbs.) from Cincinnati, Tenn. A good end and fast receiver. Naturally, plays the third-hand fan moves have run to his outside. Burdened with a massive, muscular, deep-chested body.

72 BILL MELNIK (5 ft. 4 in., 239 lbs.) from Birmingham, N.Y. Another massive, muscular, strong end and fan. Plays a little better on the outside than Urry. Can't be moved out at outside but can be moved in. Has inspired great play since last year.

64 BILL ROMB (5 ft. 2 in., 205 lbs.) from Carlisle, Pa. Not as fast as his alternate, Bob Neugebauer, but his quick and aggressive. Plays fullback in the 5-2 defense. Fakes well to lead plays and blocks with arms.

51 JIM KERVAN (5 ft., 190 lbs.) from Youngstown, Ohio. Team captain, a good blocker and quick, tough linebacker. Has some of lifting ball before entering for punts, and sometimes he may get it taken away from him. Biggest weakness is lack of speed to cut through the line and get into the backfield to see the way a play is going to develop.

62 STAN SLATER (5 ft., 188 lbs.) from Orange, N.J. Now in final year he is Army's No. 1 American linebacker. Has been justifiably. An extremely fast linebacker, he is a good offensive leader, blocking on the

ring plays. On defense he is a ruthless linebacker.

76 FRED WILMOTH (5 ft. 3 in., 248 lbs.) from Harrisburg, Pa. He is the biggest man on the team. He is not a fast runner, but he is a fast blocker. He is not a fast runner, but he is a fast blocker. He is not a fast runner, but he is a fast blocker.

81 BILL GRAY (5 ft. 1 in., 190 lbs.) from Lancaster, Pa. Army's favorite pass target. A good blocker and a very good receiver. He is not a fast runner, but he is a fast blocker. He is not a fast runner, but he is a fast blocker.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

ORIOLES STOCK: STEADY

IN THIS SEASON of annual stockholders' meetings, and soft spots here and there in rails, oile and motors, a staff member of this magazine has just returned from Baltimore, where he attended the annual stockholders meeting of the Baltimore Baseball Club, a sporting and business venture. A year ago, for an outlay of \$11, he became the holder of one share in the Orioles. His notes:

"Reached Baltimore after pleasant ride on Baltimore & Ohio's rather empty Royal Blue and tucked to board room in Memorial Stadium. First to arrive.

"Another stockholder, youngish, walked in and offered me his credentials in form of written announcement of meeting. Declined to accept them on ground I, too, was just a stockholder. Finally there were 11 of us assembled. One was a woman, Mrs. Isabelle Schaub. She is an assistant professor of microbiology at Johns Hopkins; handsome silver-blond and owner of 58 shares. Her husband gives them to her a few shares at a time at Christmas.

"No box lunches or anything passed around. Strictly business. A man with the improbable name of Zaryyl Krieger, treasurer of our company, announced profit of \$225,000 for 1957 season. Profit for 1956 was only \$89,793. President James Keely hastened to tell us there would be no dividends, though, because the \$225,000 will be plowed back into ball club to improve its position in the W and L column next year. Then we elected directors. Routine matter—five places to be filled, five names on ballot. Voted for all five.

"Then small stockholders had a chance to speak up. One man wanted to know why Orioles televise only Sunday games. Another man com-

plained there were not enough double-headers last year; also thought something ought to be done about ineffective hunting. 'Maybe,' he suggested, 'Paul Richards could give them some extra practice.' Chairman nodded non-committally.

"Father Ralph Kutz of St. Louis, a long-suffering priest whose ownership of stock dates back to time of Broena, offered motion congratulating club's officers on improvement of team; sixth a year ago, fifth this year. Motion was carried unanimously. Someone wanted to know whether Baltimore fans would have priority for tickets to All-Star Game, to be played in Baltimore next year. President Keely thought not, unless fans were season ticket holders. 'Discrimination,' said Mrs. Schaub to Father Kutz. Then the meeting was adjourned.

"A few of us hung around to talk baseball—the playing, not the business side of it, since it was obvious we couldn't really have much more influence in the affairs of the Orioles than any vocal bleacherite. Seventy-three percent of stock is owned by holding company, which in turn is controlled by nine large stockholders who don't

have to worry about stockholders' meetings.

"Trip, with train, cab and meals, cost me \$31.65, but broker tells me stock is still worth the \$11 I paid for it a year ago."

COMMUNIQUE

AN American expeditionary force, doughty in tennis flannels, is in Australia just now for another campaign to recapture the Davis Cup. Communiqués from the battle front have been gloomy. During the past few weeks the Americans—a ragtag of green recruits and old campaigners—have participated in two tournaments and only the veteran Vic Seixas, 34, has been able to gain a quarter-final. Gardner Mulvey, 44, Herb Flam, 29, Barry McKay, 22, Mike Green, 20, and Ron Holmberg, 18, have all met defeat in early rounds and their tennis has generally been deplorable.

From their beleaguered captain, Bill Talbot, came this dark bulletin last week: "Our once gleaming hopes have taken on a dull complexion. Flare has been a keen disappointment, and his

continued

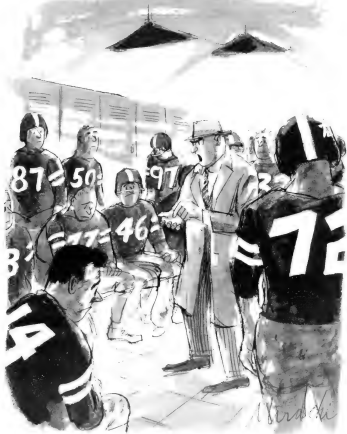
THEY SAID IT . . .

ROCKY MARCIANO, *deploving the teaching of high schools and colleges to drop boxing: "I can't understand it—with all this talk of war and jeopardized. Youngsters ought to be taught how to protect themselves . . . I don't know much about college boxing, but I don't believe anyone ever got hurt."*

SIR STANLEY BOUS, *secretary of British Football—Sovereign Association: "I don't like to see footballers hugging and kissing a colleague who wears a pool. These clubs have kept our football association began to play Continental teams . . . it is not the British method."*

CHUCK TAYLOR, *Stanford football coach just named assistant athletic director: "We now have more than 700 men basking the bushes for an old Stanford graduate—looking for fast, large prospects with good grades."*

ROY RIEGELS, *who ran 27 yards the wrong way in the Rose Bowl 28 years ago, in a letter to Jim Bendstrup, California High School football player who ran 25 yards the wrong way just the other day: "You'll get very it."*



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

defeat by 19-year-old Ross Laver in the third round of the South Australia Tournament sent American tennis stock to a new low. If we do not play Flann in the second singles spot alongside Selous, it must be one of the youngsters. Green is perhaps the hardest worker but his game has hit the doldrums. McKay has been disappointing lately and Holmberg takes things too casually although he has tremendous talent. We cannot count on Mulloy for singles because of his age, but he and Selous are our doubles hope and they too have had tough going in their first major match here.

Talbott will probably get his money from the Philippines (Feliciano Aragon & Co.) this weekend at Adelaide and Belgium (Philippe Washer & Co.) at Brisbane on the next, but the challenge round at Melbourne, December 26-28 is a perplexing and difficult concern.

Talbott calls the 1907 Davis Cup campaign "a battle of dilemmas," the American created by want, the Australian by wealth. The task before the five Australian adepts—known as the Five Blue Blats because of the blue headgear they wear while scrutinizing the players from their special box with the intensity of bottom at the suffling ring—is to decide which members of an Australian squad deep in new, fresh talent are actually the best. Their most likely choices for Captain Harry Hopman's team are Ashley Cooper and Mal Anderson (the Forest Hills champion this year) or Neale Fraser in the singles and Mervyn Rose and Cooper in the doubles.

"We all should have such dilemmas as the Aussies," brooded Talbott.

BACK TO FUNDAMENTALS

AMERICANS TEND to maintain that an automobile should not look like a jukebox, that a proper use of chrome is to plate an electric toaster, and that fountains and gull wings are better left to their respective beards, have a new champion in the American Air Products Corporation of Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

American Air's 10-man production line is presently tooling up to turn out 190 Oldsmobiles a month—each one a replica of a 1901 model roadster (see page 11). Their fastidious little two-seater (top speed, 37 mph; w/d, of course, provide only ostensible competition on the open road, but it turns on a

dime, parks easily and has a further nostalgic recommendation—it will fit into the sturdiest garage without elaborate maneuvering and frantic aeromorphing. The 1901 Olds has a wheelbase of 67 inches and an over-all length of 93 inches, 124 inches shorter than the 1938 model.

American Air, heretofore preoccupied with a variety of metal products, is a newcomer to the motor car industry. While awaiting acceptance tests on a respirator for the Air Force next long ago, the company was intent for a profitable task to occupy its employees and hit upon the notion of manufacturing replica antique cars as "yesterday" displays for dealers' showrooms. The 1901 Olds was selected, said American Air's vice-president, Robert Dalsheimer, because "it's attractive as well as antique." Moreover, an encouraging number of Oldsmobile dealers showed interest in the idea.

The company then decided that so long as they were tooling up anyway, why not make enough for Oldsmobile dealers to sell to "classic car" buffs in the general public. When a 1901 replica was exhibited at the Los Angeles Auto



Show last week, the public response was reassuringly lively.

The 1901 Olds, which can be purchased "in a few months," has a body of ornate-grade plywood mounted on a steel frame and springs and comes in five "delicious" colors with beblat-toned upholstery to match. The car is equipped with bicycle-type wheels, a steering tiller, a gearbox providing two forward and one reverse speeds, hinged trunk compartment, three elegant brass lamps—two fore, one dangling aft—and is powered by a four-horsepower, one-cylinder engine which gets 64 miles to the gallon. Optional accessories include an all-weather top, electric starter and generator. Without the starter, the engine is turned over like an outboard motor by yanking on a rope under the seat. The price (o.b. Fort Lauderdale) will be around \$1,000.

Having apparently gratified its deep public craving, American Air's next project is to satisfy another—do-it-yourself. When the finished auto is rolling off the line in sufficient numbers to suit the dealers, the company is planning to put out a prefabricated kit so a man can build a 1901 Oldsmobile in his backyard as well as put-

put along high on the seat in the grand old manner. The seat, incidentally, is American Air's major concession to progress—it is upholstered in plastic. Leather is too expensive nowadays.

HEAVYWEIGHT HORIZONS

BOXING'S next burning question, only smoldering now, will be: When does Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson fight Eddie Machen, if ever?

Cus D'Amato, the champion's stubborn manager, already has answered, "Never," but events and commission assistance conceivably could change that. On the night that No. 1 Challenger Muehler fought Hurricane Jackson in San Francisco, D'Amato was latched before the milk-ladle of his television screen in New York, and D'Amato was not impressed.

"Machen's a manufactured fighter," he said. "He can't adapt. The old Hurricane, he would have fished him, for Machen's a dog. The one thing Machen can do is land a punch."

Whee, at one point in the bout, Jackson suddenly started to pursue Machen, flailing out at him with silly, floppy jabs. Machen threw up his arms and retreated in confusion. "See what happens when you press him?" D'Amato asked. "Threatening gestures are sufficient to bring the rabbit out in him."

"Oh," he said, "the Hurricane's showing him up with nothing!"

These observations were pointedly academic, for Cus contends that Machen—and Willie Pastrano, for that matter—forefeited a chance for a title fight when they refused one last summer—a refusal which D'Amato believes was part of an International Boxing Club plot to embarrass him. If D'Amato does alter his resolve, it is not likely to be in time for Patterson's next defense.

Until that time, Floyd is dutifully training at Long Pond Inn, a rustic bar and dance hall on the shore of Greenwood Lake, N.Y. Although there is no immediate purpose to his labor, he will be ready if D'Amato stops counting and selects an opponent. The most likely one is Zora Foley, an accomplished young fighter from Arizona who is ranked No. 2. D'Amato has had misgivings about Foley's occasional relations with the IBC, but if he is permitted to approve the site and the promoter, D'Amato will probably agree to a Foley fight. Another contender whom D'Amato is considering is Ray Harris, the undefeated and unsway Texan who has not fought out of his

continued on page 12



Photo courtesy of Mark Series, The Edward G. Robinson Office in New York City. Photo courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

The pride of ownership is second only to the pleasure

You know the great gifts—there are only a few. The fine motor car, the rich fur, and now color television. Like each of the others, color TV is a gift distinguished not by its price, but by the extra pride you take in giving it, in receiving it. That—and the very special beauty and excitement of color.

Take a "Living Color" TV by RCA Victor as hedonism and intellect—a performance piece. Also world famous RCA Victor Black and white TV, "Living Color" TV has been proved reliable on tens of thousands of homes. It is simple to tune, a delight to own. Prices start at \$395. See a demonstration of "Living Color" TV, including the super new Mark Series, at your RCA Victor dealer's.

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Color TV is a gift that gives you a new way to see the world. It's a gift that gives you a new way to see the world. Color TV is a gift that gives you a new way to see the world. It's a gift that gives you a new way to see the world.

Color TV is a gift that gives you a new way to see the world. It's a gift that gives you a new way to see the world. Color TV is a gift that gives you a new way to see the world. It's a gift that gives you a new way to see the world.

RCA pioneered and developed compatible color television.



RCA Victor





PROVED IN THE SNOWDRIFTS OF DULUTH . . .

GUARANTEED TO GO THRU ICE, MUD

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Thousands of Duluth motorists last year bought Firestone Town & Country Tires backed by this famous guarantee. And they discovered that even the long Minnesota winter couldn't stop their exclusive Triple-Action Traction!

In Duluth, where snow and ice roads last for months, just any snow tires won't pull you through. But Firestone dealer records prove that Minnesota motorists who bought Firestone Town & Country Tires took winter's worst driving conditions right in stride!

Incredible, you say? Not when you consider the exclusive benefits of Firestone Triple-Action Traction. Take pulling power . . . Firestone Town & Country Tires haul you through snow, slush or mud with lanky, deepbiting traction bars. And continuous self-cleaning action keeps these traction bars



1 TERRIFIC PULLING ACTION—Wide, deep, biting traction bars. No more spinning in snow, slush or mud when those traction-control bars bite in and take hold! Yet on dry roads you get bump-free, white-free riding comfort and long, wear-free mileage comparable to a regular (non-siping) tire.



2 NON-SKID ACTION—Wide, double ridges/sipes and shaped cleats. Those action-angled cleats, molded in the extra-wide tread, are powerful non-skid force in themselves. But that's not all! Their design also includes thousands of almost invisible sipes/sipes for extra gripping action on slick surfaces.



3 SELF-CLEANING ACTION—Pressure vacates less due to "poking up." As your Firestone Town & Country Tires revolve, nonflapal force ejects snow or mud from the exclusive Firestone tread to prevent it from "poking up." This self-cleaning action keeps the tread clean and sharp—always ready for instant traction action!

OR SNOW OR WE PAY THE TOW!

triple-action traction!

sharp—always ready for the next bite. In addition, Firestone Town & Country Tires give you top skid-resistance on ice and on dry pavement they deliver long mileage and white-free quiet, and greater safety on all roads.

So put a set of anti-gripping Firestone Town & Country winter tires on your car today. They're guaranteed to go through ice, mud or snow or your Firestone Dealer or Store will refund your tow charge. When you try them, you'll know they have the pull you need for safer worry-free driving all winter long!

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening on ABC television.

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his happiest hours*

Christmas Day at your house will be one of *many* happy days if you give—*or receive*—famed Pendleton sportswear. Inspired in Oregon, Pendleton sportswear is dyed, spun and woven of virgin wool to a tradition of quality that's over 90 years old.

It's a brassy way to say
"MERRY CHRISTMAS".

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Men's Sport Robe \$25.00, Women's Robe \$7.95,
Corduroy Knickerbockers \$22.50,
Women's robe \$9.95.

there's only one

Pendleton

always virgin wool



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 20

home state but is ranked No. 3. Can his reservations about the company Harris's management keeps, but he may well have them when Harris completes his six-month Army training next May.

One certainty is that DiAmato must soon play his hand. Although the play might entail great sacrifice in his desired campaign against the IRS, a peek at his hole card can only reassure him that the ace, in itself, is strong enough to beat any opposition. That, after all, is the main concern.

A FISTFUL OF AIR

PNEUMATIC BOXING GLOVES have created not long ago by a Finnish doctor named Ljilgren Ljilgren. This means that compressed air instead of the usual compressed hair, or felt, serves as padding. The gloves are said to be 2½ times less damaging than conventional boxing gloves, which constitutes a safety factor so large that it would make the risk of some fighters not just harmless but beneficial, like massage.

Dr. Ljilgren says that the gloves have been tried out in competition and "were a success." Whether this means that nobody got hurt, or that nobody was able to tell that a fight was taking place, Dr. Ljilgren doesn't say. He does say that a factory in Finland is now making his pneumatic boxing gloves and that the Russians want to buy its entire output. They will not be allowed to, however. Dr. Ljilgren says his gloves are "for the whole world."

Well, if the whole world adopts them, the old sport of boxing may take on some strange new accessories, and perhaps new rules. Will there be an air compressor at ringside? Will the judges give a man credit if he manages a blow-out, but fails to achieve a knockout? Will welterweights be inflated to the same pressure as heavyweights? The future grows more uncertain, and more alarming, every day.

POT BOILER

EVERYBODY WAS SURE Frank Lane would stir up the American League pot season as he took over as general manager of the Cleveland Indians. It came therefore as something of a surprise when the first boiling bubble of the winter trading season erupted not in Cleveland but in Detroit.

Young John McHale, as called heretofore at 35 he is the youngest general manager in the major leagues, though he'd be labeled an "aging veteran" if he were still an active ballplayer, who stepped into Spoke-Bingee's job with the Detroit Tigers when Spoke was named out the door last spring, beat Frank Lane at his own game. John had been dealing with the Kansas City Athletics over Billy Martin for some time. Billy is loud, brash, fearless; one who naturally assumes that he is as good as, or better than, any other ballplayer. John's Tigers, a talented but weak lot, have a tendency to step back and let other ball clubs through the door first. John, wanting Billy Martin, had been patiently trying to work out a deal with Kansas City. Now came Frank Lane, the trader. Obviously, with the terrible fielding infield Lane found at Cleveland, a player like Martin was Lane's prime target.

John McHale stirred uneasily. He was scheduled to fly down to the Cardinals for a look at players in the winter leagues. Frank Lane was supposed to fly to St. Louis (which, of course, is not very far from Kansas City). Bad weather checked Lane's flight to St. Louis, so Frank altered direction some 60° to the left and flew instead to Kansas to confer with his new Cleveland manager, Bobby Bragan. McHale, resorting with an alertness not particularly noticeable in the Detroit front office in recent years, altered his flight plan some 90° to the right and hopped over to Chicago where he met with Kansas City officials, closed a trade and walked out with the prize, Martin, figuratively under his arm.



GAME ON ICE

Ice hockey's a game where they give you a stick. And a pad for protecting your shin. A game where each team beats the other, although Of course only one team can win.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Lane was late, in a genial way. Like most men who hate losing, he admires winners and accepts defeat gracefully. Bobby Bragan was disappointed. Detractors were, generally, pleased.

And Billy Martin? He stood up to his advance billing. No routine "glad to be with the Tigers" remarks for him. No lament declarations that "well, you, or go down fighting." Billy was nothing to begin with. An ordinary man would be tickled pink to be traded from a seventh-place club to a permanent contender. Not Billy. He knows that when a man is traded it means the club he's leaving feels that something they are getting for him is more valuable than he is. Martin was hurt. He wanted Kansas City officials, demanded a rash percentage of the deal, flatly protested: "They just can't throw us players around without us having any say-so. . . . If I'm a tool of this great machine of baseball, I want to get something out of it."

Well, naturally, he won't. Baseball bigwigs pursued attacks along this line at the contractual hearings last summer, and what they held together then they won't let Billy Martin put asunder now. About all a process is that Billy Martin really is something special as a ballplayer. And Billy, next season, may prove that John McHale is something special as a general manager.

"PHEASANT HUNTER'S TOE"

If you're going after pheasant this year, you might as well know that you're exposing yourself to something known as "pheasant hunter's toe." The authority for this statement is Dr. R. K. Van Denmark, of Saint Paul, 8, Dak., who writes about it in the *South Dakota Journal of Medicine and Pharmacy*. The ailment came upon a man on the morning after a successful day's shoot: he finds his big toe painfully swollen and colored a gaudy purple. Has he sprained his toe? Not likely, says Dr. Van Denmark. Pheasant itself—a bird rich in what the experts call protein bodies—is really to blame, and the victim is suffering from pheasant hunter's toe, a fancy name for old-fashioned gout. "Precipitating factors," says Dr. Van Denmark, include "exposure to the feet as walking through fields and gullies, the overindulgence in holiday alcoholic beverages, the fatigue of excessive exercise in those unaccustomed to it."

Gift of what to do next: put your feet up and shoot pheasant for a while. Then, with next year in mind, get some exercise.

A New Look at the Soviet Union

*O*n the pages following, a picture window is opened on a facet of life in the Soviet Union never before revealed in such detail. Photographer Jerry Cooke, a man uniquely qualified by intimate knowledge of the Russian language and character, melted into the great melting pot of the U.S.S.R.



last summer and returned with a story of extraordinary dimensions—a documentary not only of the vast Soviet physical culture program, but also an intimate record of the average citizen in his leisure time

SPORTS IN THE

A photographer's notebook recalls a journey of adventure and discovery

WE WERE entering dawn. The Moscow-Leningrad highway, at 75 miles per hour, seating six or seven, old-fashioned Kaitz sedans, another four or five, also somewhat outmoded but stationary, for an apparent reason, the driver stopped because they've got out of a cigarette. Soviet motorists can be very temperamental, so my inattentive companions "Went's something bad." He pointed up the hill ahead, "Bicycles," he said. Sure enough, there came a stream of young, man and woman, pedaling vigorously, preceded by a police motorcycle and followed by more policemen on horseback, touring without the type one sees in Capri with a load of tourists in large straw hats. The 1957 championship tour of the eastern U.S.S.R.—a Soviet equivalent of the famous Tour de France—was due to

start in a few weeks, and The People were out partying. And when The People partied, traffic stopped even on the most heavily traveled highways.

The incident impressed something on me—an impression which became very clear in the course of my stay in the Soviet Union.

Sports are a very big thing in the U.S.S.R., today.

In fact, sports are everywhere. The ideal of physical fitness is proclaimed in the countless stadiums, sports arenas, soccer fields, parks, swimming pools, stadiums, gymnasiums, tennis and tennis courts, basketball courts, and so on, scattered all over the country. To the average youth or sports-minded citizen, the statues are beautiful—certainly, for the same reason: the statue is a public work, a thing in public, not a thing in the museum rather

Sporting statues, seen everywhere, symbolize the physical fitness ideal



U.S.S.R.

by JERRY COOKE

gradish Soviet Union. More practically, the physical fitness ideal is evident in the huge stadiums and sports fields of the big cities, and the numberless more modest but thoroughly efficient installations in smaller towns. And they are not only there—they are used, constantly.

Even those who have no particular sport are drawn into the over-all physical fitness program. I carried a small portable radio with me, and everywhere I went I could listen to the setting-up exercises which start every Soviet day. Factory and office workers do their gymnastics, spurred on by posters which tell them how they can produce more for the Five Year Plan if they are in prime condition. Television, still available only on one channel, is full of sports, whether the viewers like it or not. Sports surround the

continued



THE U.S.S.R.

continued

Soviet citizen on his vacation and form a major part of any festival. Children start their first exercises in nursery school, with teachers telling them old Russian fables with a new physical fitness twist. The first collective activity is the maneuvers and rest homes of the big Black Sea resorts in the 7 o'clock round of gymnastics, followed by a dip in the sea—before breakfast. Sports even enter into the business of production norms and industrial or agricultural achievements, which are presented in sporting terms and with the enthusiasm which the Western World usually reserves for the Olympic Games or the discovery of a new four-minute mile.

What prompts all this activity? There are many reasons. First, and most important: the government is behind it—a single, solid fact which in the U.S.S.R. obviously means a great deal. Combine this with the considerable amount of leisure time resulting from a universal eight-hour day, a passion for mass activity, and excellent facilities available at no cost, and you have more of the answer. The rest is a day-to-day barrage of propaganda extolling the advantages of physical fitness, plus an almost deliberate, certainly conscious, withdrawal by the average citizen from the complex problems of politics and economics in the Soviet Union. Put it all together and you have a sports and physical fitness boom with an importance in Soviet life which is unparalleled anywhere in the world today.

The boom in spectator sports is no less impressive. Moscow's Lenin Stadium, for example, a 100,000-seat structure, is filled early and often by enthusiastic fans of the nation's most popular game, soccer. Basketball draws great crowds; track meets, gymnastics, hockey—on ice or grass—horse racing, steeplechasing, even tennis, a relatively new sport in the U.S.S.R.—all these have their highly partisan and vocal followings.

This is the story which I brought back from a summer spent in the Soviet Union this year, and it is shown in the 16 pages of color pictures which follow. The tremendous sports boom is everywhere evident in them; but as I took these pictures I realized, with a growing fascination, that they also showed something more: an entirely new look at the Soviet Union. Here is the U.S.S.R. in its leisure time, at play. It is perhaps not play in the sense that we understand it, for the Soviet citizen, by his very nature, lacks even his play with a certain grimness, somewhat like a big-time American football team tackles a difficult season; but it is play nonetheless, play directed single-mindedly at improving his own physical fitness and his sporting prowess, and thereby that of the entire Soviet Union.

The sports and physical culture organization available to the Soviet citizen is impressive in its scope, its diversity

and its efficiency *too*. Sports are free, collective and almost obligatory. The average worker is offered the facilities of the sport of his choice through his union, the parent body of the particular sports club to which, according to his job or his profession, he may belong. International competition, recently encouraged, is on the increase and now provides a new and welcome contact with the outside world. Good athletes live well, eat well and are not too much exposed to political pressures. They can look forward to quite a pleasant life devoted to competition and, later on, to coaching and the developing of more good young athletes.

But what of the solitary sportsman: the hunter, the fisherman, the individualist who seeks his recreation apart from the sporting masses?

The collective character of Soviet life, generally speaking, frames on him. Hunting and fishing, for example, while popular, are not really considered sports, and hence they are not available through the government-sponsored organizations. They are only the purely local hunting and fishing societies, which four licenses determine—season card, by some obscure method never explained to me, figure out which part of The People's land can be temporarily invaded by their bloodthirsty members. They do hunt, and they do fish; and they kill things and catch things with no restriction on guns, ammunition or other equipment—but trying to get in on any of these activities is as difficult as trying to get in on a dinner party at the Kremlin.

I tried, several times. I would start out, for example, by looking for the local hunting society's headquarters. This is itself a project, for the Soviets dislike and discourage telephone and address books. Unless you know someone who knows someone who may know where to find what you are looking for, you are in for a difficult time. In my case I found the easiest way to locate a hunter was to find the local hunting-supply store, of which there are plenty in the U.S.S.R. There I would look at a gun, discuss the weather and finally allow an hour I might be interested in a little hunting.

There followed a standard sequence. First, I would be told that this was not possible—standard Soviet opening gambit No. 1. When pressed, my informant would admit that hunting was, after all, possible—but only with a license. The license, it would then develop, was extremely hard to get; in fact, it was impossible. If I still persisted—to my informant's chagrin, I always did, I might be rewarded with the address of the hunting society, though I was always assured that it would be foolishness for me to even try to get a license there.

But, of course, I would always go anyway, and the hunting society would take over. My reception—generally they seemed to expect me—was invariably friendly but

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

In Moscow, the statues come to life as a crew of young girls prepare to launch their eight-oared shell



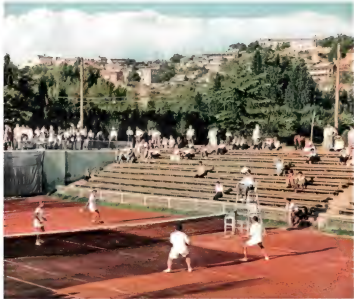
Some Soviet sports have a surprising Western look; these are thriving everywhere . . .



Tennis in Tbilisi, capital of Georgia. Stalin's home province attracts, besides tennis, tennis spectators.

▲ A Star boat at Leningrad's Yacht Club features new plastic sails, developed by a chemical engineer.

Over the massive Kremlin goes a skyscraper in the Tbilisi picture of Staling, which boasts 41 stories.



*S*ports are for the masses, and mass-organized, but
there is room, too, for the individual to go his own way



In a lively corner of the huge Dynamo Stadium in Kiev basketball players compete against a backdrop of glaring propaganda posters.

And on the peaceful Dalager River reeks two silent fishermen with long bamboo poles symbolize the worldwide brotherhood of the angler.



For girls, the sporting life is strenuous,
but they find in it glory and a new fulfillment



Another day with it taught the rudiments of gymnastics, a strenuously balanced sport and one in which the Soviet Union's young athletes excel

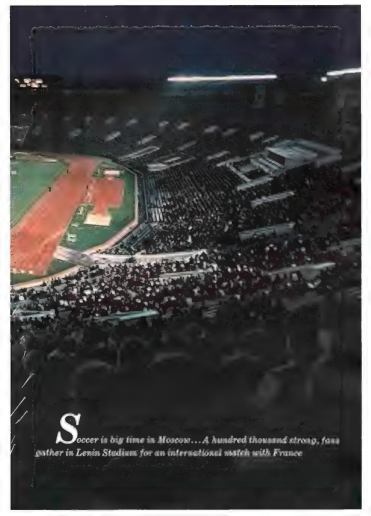
Three weeks before her death Larisa Netchayeva, 17, excels in floor exercises to popular tunes at the Moscow Bay sports stadium

And here at Kiyev, in the huge Khrushchev Stadium, the girls train with the boys in that highly popular sport, tennis and 1953

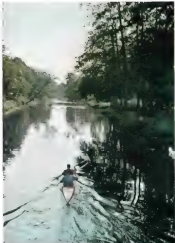








Soccer is big time in Moscow... A hundred thousand strong, fans gather in Lenin Stadium for an international match with France



***F**ar from the stadiums,
those who love solitude and
small pleasures find them in
this land of lovely urban parks*

A couple of kayak paddlers ply their peaceful way through canal in Leningrad's Krasnaya Ostrova park, one of the most beautiful in the country.

And further along on the same canal a small boy hangs monkeylike from a mossed tree high above a taller, more Soviet version of the old swinging beds.

His head wrapped in a shirt, a Moscow dramatics student raptly studies his role, oblivious to the family relaxing near him in the quiet of a summer day.





The organized vacation is a Soviet specialty . . .
from reveille to bedtime, those who so desire get their fun en masse



Loudspeaker rollercoaster at 7 In the morning starts day at Sanatorium of Miners in Berlin. This Black Sea resort, one of the most popular, was built entirely by government.

Hikers pause on the final lap of three-week tour through the Crimea. From far north in Siberia, they may be Spanish workers.



Chris-Craft d'la race, a ZIS-powered speedboat, with a decked lawn, offers hottest pleasure rides on Caucasus' Lake Ritsa.







Though pebbly, the beach is a paradise when casually put on and occasionally short strings of music for bright colors.

Coney Island on the Black Sea . . . the names are different, but the postures are the same



A mother and son lie blissfully in warm Black Sea water in Yalta. As in Western Europe, small tots are often nude.

Some simply wear shorts and underwear bits, others have fashionable two-piece suits, as shown here at Sochi's shore.



***P**hysical fitness starts at walking age and is preached even in fairy tales*

Mikka the Bear gets out his accordion and leads the humans in song. "Exercise helps you to run fast, to become agile and to strengthen your health..."

And in real-life version a smiling nurse leads toddlers through their exercises in the playground of the Odeon rope factory in which their parents work.





4 In an outdoor gym class, boys and girls get hands-on physical education. Now and always, calisthenics will be a habit.

Thompson tag of war with instructor who is also his father limbers up a Monroe youngster starting on his boxing career.



THE U.S.S.R.

(continued from page 10)



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GET TOTAL RELIEF FROM EXCESS
STOMACH ACIDS IN 4 SECONDS!



PUTS ALL THE PIZZ WHERE THE TROUBLE IS!

resolved. They were always honored by my visit; they always showed me pictures of the animals they had bagged, of their group outings, etc. But somehow they never seemed very anxious to invite me to hunt with them. After a lot of talk, however, it was usually agreed that there would really be no harm in my going along with some of the boys, and the matter was arranged on a "don't call us, we'll call you" basis.

Naturally, they never called. If I called, it generally developed that the chairman was sick—and nobody and nothing moves in the U.S.S.R. without the chairman. Or there was too much rain; or not enough rain. There was also sometimes a problem with the opening of the season. It got to the point where the whole thing became a game—I would try to guess in advance the new reason they would come up with, and they would try to anticipate me. In the end, they won—the closest I ever got to a hunt was an inspection of some hunting dogs in Georgia. The dogs looked like English setters to me, but the local veterinarian assured me that the English setter was really a Georgian setter which had emigrated to England; he, having emigrated back again, could now look forward to bigger and better things—perhaps even a trip to the moon.

My attempts to go fishing met the

same fate. Floods, droughts, dead fish, overtime work hours, no worms, membership variations—the list is nearly infinite. No one ever took me fishing. When I tried to photograph a fisherman he would usually run as soon as he saw me; if I caught up with him, he would question me curiously, wanting to know what I needed these pictures for anyway. Most anglers pretended to be commercial fishermen, none ever admitted doing it for fun.

What caused this strangely negative attitude? Perhaps it was because, in a nation dedicated to virtually every phase of coexistence to the collective ideal, the solitary sportsman is an oddity, and feels himself as such. He therefore also feels himself suspect; he suffers from a sort of guilt complex. The most absurd extreme to which evasion can go was demonstrated in a truly Kafka-like episode which arose from my desire to watch some Soviets playing, of all things, billiards.

It happened in Tbilisi, the capital of Georgia. One evening there I spotted a large and handsome billiard hall in the courtyard of Officer's House, a building devoted to various cultural activities. There were six pool tables and about 20 to 30 men, most of them playing and having a fine time. I walked in, looked around, asked a few questions and left, deciding to come back the next day to take some pictures. When I telephoned the chairman the following morning, however, I found that I must have been dream-

HOW SPORTS ARE ORGANIZED IN THE U.S.S.R.

Dynamos, Spartak, Torpedo—the names of these Soviet sports clubs are already familiar to many Americans. But there are many more—17 in all—and between them they provide sports and physical culture facilities to virtually every citizen in the U.S.S.R.

The parent organization of sports clubs is the State Union. Depending on the industry or profession in which he works, the Soviet citizen is assigned to the union, to the club, and each club belongs from six to 20 different unions.

The whole structure is supervised by the Soviet Committee for Physical Culture and Sport, headquartered in Moscow, and its numerous branches in the Member Republics and the larger cities. The committee sets standards, recognizes records, arranges the big national and international meets and generally acts as a legislative and supervisory body for Soviet sports. City committees do the same on a more local level, and they occasionally provide additional facilities for recreation, when necessary.

Largest of all, and characteristic of most,

is the Dynamo club of Sports People. The Dynamoists have approximately 2 million members from 100,000,000 Soviet citizens. The club has 100,000 athletes, 117,000 swimmers, 100,000 athletes, 110,000 swimmers, 40,000 athletes, 10,000 athletes, 10,000 athletes, and hundreds of other smaller sports clubs where people can participate in whatever sports they are interested in. All expenses for these facilities are paid for by the state; the Dynamoists pay to the Dynamo club organization. In addition, like all the other clubs, the Dynamoists maintain a number of so-called children's sports schools, which cater to their members' children and for which the unions provide a special fund.

The youth leader seminar is a special idea. During the official rate of exchange, 10% at the time, they are given a list of facilities in their area, decide which sports they are interested in and proceed to participate. The necessary teachers and coaches are ready for them and all necessary equipment is available—and free.

ing. Billiards? There was no billiard hall in the building, he learned me, perhaps I've seen some ping-pong? No? Well, there certainly was no billiard ball.

I went back in the evening for another look. Sure enough, there it was, and the game was going full blast—except that there was now a jellofish on the gate to the courtyard and a guard who was keeping an eye on things. While I stood and watched, several players arrived, identified themselves and were admitted. One of them started talking to me and made the mistake of inviting me in. He almost got me past the guard, but not quite. After a short palaver, he invited me to a game of three-cushion billiards in the billiard room of my hotel, offering to meet me there in five minutes. We both, of course, knew there was no billiard room in my hotel, but I played along and accepted with pleasure. Needless to say, I never saw him again.

Maybe sailing is in the same category as billiards—a sort of hangover

sport from bourgeois times and hence one to be kept from prying foreign eyes. In any event, I never did get to photograph a sailing race, either. At the International Yacht Club the captain offered me a motorboat, only to discover just as the race was starting, of course, that the motor was not working. Wise by now, I told him that was too bad since I was leaving next morning for Korea, and then appeared the next morning, eager as ever. The chairman called me by, through the motorboat, he told me, was still not repaired, but there was a sailboat available. Only—there was no wind.

Sure, were my experiences with the so-called fringe sports. I bear my various antagonists no grudge—I am still impressed by the fact that these sports exist at all and had as many participants as they did. But apart from that, of course, there was much more.

I still remember the strong, intense Christmas faces of the Georgian spectators watching a wrestling tournament

continued

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A DENMARK CHILDREN HOLD THEIR OWN BEER BOTTLES IN A NEW MUSEUM OF SPORTING EQUIPMENT.

THE U.S.S.R.

continued

In Guel, Stalin's home town—fathers and sons happy with their favorite native sport, with not a woman in the whole arena. And the old-style, two white horses pulling a carriage—which carried a collective, sentimental sign when the beautiful animals charged down the track at a Moscow fair. I recall the white-robed, somewhat looking judges and timekeepers who affiliated at a swarming meet and lent it the air of a serious medical seminar. Unforgettable, too, is the fanatic determination of the Ukrainian gymnasts who did double and triple salons and other incredible jumps and turns for hours while their coach assured me that they weren't really very good yet; just beginners who weren't taking things as seriously as they should. I couldn't help but think that the Soviets have as much right to be proud of their gymnastic gold medals from the Olympics as we have of ours in track and field. It is a big and important sport in the U.S.S.R.

I was shocked by the violence of a crowd of 100,000 in Moscow's Lenin Stadium who greeted a 10-minute delay in a soccer game because of rain with a storm of catcalls, whistles and boos that made Robert Fero seem like a peaceful meadow by comparison. The Russians, it would seem, are not very reserved when they are in a crowd. I remember, too, a handful of spectators of an evening meeting basketball tournament in Kiev who raised such a fuss

about the seats not being painted properly enough that the game had to be halted and the score-keeper replaced. I felt for a tennis official in Tbilisi who was mortified because he had seen me watching the semifinals of a doubles tournament in which the crowd turned against one of the players. With split-second timing, they would burst out into screams and boos at the instant between his throwing the ball into the air and trying to serve it across the net—he made three double faults in a row under this pressure.

"Not very British, I'm afraid," said the official apologetically. How strange it sounded in Tbilisi. "We are just learning about tennis over here."

I was impressed by the endless amount of practicing I saw everywhere. I saw divers going into the water and back onto the boards and in again for hours on end; and when they finished diving they kept on training in some sort of exercise so that Pat McCormick told them about in Melbourne. I saw children working at every sport, chess players all over the public parks playing a quick, sudden-death five-minute game that calls for extreme concentration. I met a physical culture superintendent in a Moscow factory who explained how factory exercises are planned and set up, and how they are changed every three weeks to avoid boredom—exercises do the most good two times a week the end of one working day, or 144 hrs., because that is when the workers are most tired. His whole idea was the planning and supervising of exercises in this one factory,

and he explained how he and his colleagues had succeeded in convincing the authorities that their salaries ought to be paid out of the labor-cost budget rather than from physical culture funds because the exercises increased output despite the time they consumed from the working day.

What does the Soviet citizen really think of all this activity? The question is not easy to answer in American terms; by our standards, the people seem withdrawn, concentrated, even grim at their games, often as much so as their top athletes in international contests. It seems disturbingly evident that nobody is having much fun, that everyone works as hard at his sport as at his job, that sport is, in fact, just another job to be done.

But by Russian standards this is undoubtedly only part of the picture. The girls rowing an eight-oared shell on the Moskva River work hard at it, certainly; but they glory in the achievement, too. The worker dutifully rising for his calisthenics does not necessarily jump for joy at the prospect of exercise; but, on reflection, he would probably admit that he felt better for it. Part of the answer is the fact that he probably rarely, if ever, does reflect on it—exercise is part of his life. Doctors, however, do—and doctors are emphatic in their statements: coupled with statistical proofs that the exercises contribute greatly to the worker's physical and mental well-being.

continued



KIBITTING IS A SPORT IN MOSCOW, 1941



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THE U.S.S.R.

continued

Some people, to be sure, ignore the whole thing. One of my guides told me how he had solved the problem of the loudspeaker which every morning, directly underneath his window, went out with the usual setting-up routine. He went and bought some American jazz records which he then played on his phonograph every day at the same time the loudspeaker went on. Lowered him up a bit, he explained, better than those silly gymnastics.

But the Soviet people as a whole—that is something else again. In what ever spirit they work at their sports, they do work at them, and hard. And the results are impressive. I found many things in the Soviet Union which seemed strange and funny and also bad. But the people are great—the young hikers from far north in Siberia who in the freestill-way imaginable

took me into their ranks for the last 15 miles of their march through the Crimea and gave me a Caucasian wool hat as a souvenir; the hotel house-keeper who after a tremendous bureaucratic tangle over the fact that I had handed in nine tickets to be washed instead of eight or 10 finally offered to wash the extra sock (free—she didn't want me to carry one dirty sock all over the U.S.S.R.); even my friendly acquaintances at the hunting and fishing societies—they make up a mosaic of memories which I treasure. The Soviet people seem to be so many things: both sad and happy; nobly suffering sometimes, and yet playful, shabby, chunky, and still handsome; childlike in a way and yet very mature; withdrawn and yet outgoing, or unlike Americans in so many ways, but altogether likable and human. They are quite a different people from the concept we have had of them for 10 years.

END

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Lambs into Lions

The rowdy, riotous Detroit Lions are back in the thick of it in pro football and following a rough Layne to success

by **TEX MAULE**

AS THE SEASON started, the Chicago Bears had the best offense in football with the exception, maybe, of the San Francisco 49ers. The San Francisco 49ers, always able to move the ball, had a defense, too, for a change. Baltimore's Colts had a tremendous running attack and a bright, new star to sup up their passing in John Unitas. The Green Bay Packers looked as tough as the Packers of old.

All this was true back in September. The Detroit Lions, strong contenders for the Western Division championship in 1966 until the Bears whopped them in the final game of the season, came into the 1967 season like lambs. They had lost a head coach, their famous pass defense leaked touchdowns, the running attack moved with the speed of a man walking through tar, and the prospect in general was sad.

Now, with three games left in the season, the Lions are a game out of first place, because of last Sunday's unexpected loss to the Bears, who had died an early death from a series of shots in the pass defense; the Colts and the 49ers had previously shared first place with the Lions, but for the 49ers the tenure was a brief one. The Rams, recovering slowly from a disastrous start, are out of contention, and the Packers, after their muscle-flexing of the exhibition season, have subsided slowly into last place.

But the big surprise is the Lions. Not to the 39,844 Detroiters who bought season tickets to see them play this year; the faithful have a deep belief in their rowdy, hell-for-leather football team. The eminence of the Lions is no surprise to one Bobby Layne, a confident, chunky, blond Texan who leads a full life on and off the field and who, more than any other one man, has set the mood for a team

which may be called the Gashouse Gang of football. "Layne is not the best passer in the league by a pretty long margin," a Detroit observer remarked the other day. "He's certainly not the best runner, either. But he damn sure is the best winner." Layne had an off day Sunday, and as usual the Lions followed his lead, losing to the Chicago Bears 27-7.

As the season started, parious times had come upon the Lions. Buddy Parker, the solemn-faced, moody Texan who had brought the club three championships during his tenure as head coach, resigned in a fit of anger and a cloud of indignation at a "Meet the Lions" banquet. Introduced as the "best coach in the league," Parker arose to tell the fans on hand, "I've got a situation here I can't handle any more. These ballplayers have gotten too big for me, or something. I'm getting out of Detroit football. I'm getting out tonight. So long."

Part of Parker's pique stemmed from a cocktail party given by Lion Director D. Lyle Fife. The Lion football team was brought to the banquet from its training camp by bus, and the management, aware of the club's fondness for socializing, had scheduled the bus arrival for five minutes to 7, just time enough for the players to file into the banquet hall and take their seats at the head table. Unfortunately, traffic was light that night; the bus arrived at 8:30, some of the players filed up to Fife's cocktail party and Parker saw them there. While this certainly was not the mooring reason in Parker's resignation, it helped. Parker was not a severe disciplinarian. "I'm not a policeman," he had remarked. "If I've got to ride herd on 35 grown men, I won't have time to coach."

—Continued



PASSER Bobby Layne is still the Lions' major offensive threat at the ripe old age of 31.

RUNNER Layne is no Chicago Bear, even if he's called back to his old team when he needs one.



Lambs into Lions

continued

Rolling herd on the distant Lions world, indeed, have been a full-time job. While most of the players, in common with nearly all pro football players, are serious young men using professional football as a stepping stone to coaching or careers in other fields, some of the Lions, before this season, exhibited a remarkable propensity for discovering off-the-field excitement. Back in 1914 a small group of Lions was prepping for the next day's game with the 49ers by training in a night spot called John's Rendezvous in San Francisco. A few inhabitants of the Bay area began to heckle the Detroit athletes, who promptly and efficiently cleaned out the bar, next day cleaned up the San Francisco 49ers 14-10 and left for Los Angeles, where they did battle with a few of the city's Saturday night in a parking lot, then battled furiously before 31,000 people in Los Angeles' Memorial Coliseum Sunday before being 24-27. The Rams beat the Lions twice that year; no one else beat them at all, and they beat the Cleveland Browns, 17-16, for the league championship.

The Lions seldom operate incooperatively, at any level. In 1934 one Tulsa Bob Smith, a veteran defensive halfback, took issue with Assistant Coach Buster Ramsey, who is in charge of the Lion defense and who is one of the most astute defensive coaches in football. The argument started on the Lions' charter plane returning from San Francisco, went on briskly at 18,000 feet and erupted into fistbuffs after the plane landed in Detroit. Smith was

fired on the spot by Parker; while no score was kept on the brief encounter, it was likely that Smith lost that too, since Ramsey, besides being a great defensive coach, is tough as a one-bay's boot.

After Parker's precipitous departure in mid-August, his chief assistant, George Wilson, was made head coach. Wilson cracked down on the Lions; he instituted an 11 p.m. curfew for the athletes and made it stick by fines of \$50 per hour for violators. He personally made bed checks at training camp to make sure the team was getting its sleep, and he ran the players unmercifully in practice. Wilson, who played end on the great Chicago Bear teams of the early '40s, is a pleasant, quiet man, but a very tough one. He laughs easily and his eyes are mild. "I joke around a lot," he said, not long after taking over the head coaching job for the Lions, "but there's only one way to play football and that is to beat down the other guy."

Wilson took over the Lions the day before the opening exhibition game against Cleveland. The club compiled a so-so 4-2 exhibition record; during the course of this not too inspired series, Wilson announced a stronger crackdown policy. A few hours later, at 4 a.m., he was routed out of bed to go to the assistance of Layne, who had been arrested on a drunk driving charge at 2:11 a.m. Layne offered to quit football to save the Lions embarrassment; Wilson, who would have been much more embarrassed without a quarterback, declined. He has never announced whether or not Layne was fired for this escapade; it seems very

likely that the Teran was, however.

"I believe rules should apply to everybody," Wilson said after the incident. "You can figure out yourself what we did with Layne."

But Layne is responsible, as much as any one player can be, for the success of the Lions. He is a fierce, relentless competitor who has been the heart of the Lions since he joined the club in 1930. He was a first draft choice of the Chicago Bears in 1928 but was sold to the New York Bulldogs for \$50,000, probably the highest price ever paid for a professional football player. He came to the Lions in a trade which included a player and \$17,500 as Layne's price. His teammates have a tremendous respect for Layne, with good reason. The cocky, tough Teran is generally regarded as the finest clutch player in professional football. His ebullient behavior off the field has never affected his play; he works as hard after a long night of living it up as he does after a full night's sleep.

"Actually, Bobby doesn't live it up any more than most players," a veteran observer of the Detroit club said the other day. "He just doesn't bother making around. He goes in the front door at nightclubs and he comes out the front door. He doesn't space himself the next day, either. He runs as hard and works as hard as any player on the team."

Since the advent of Layne in 1930, the Lions have become the most spectacularly successful football team in the National Football League, attendance-wise. This is not due entirely to Layne, of course. Astute management by W. Nicholas Kerbow, an ex-Spanish teacher who is general manager of the Lions, brilliant coaching by Parker and strong, exciting personnel—all played a part in the success of the Lions.

The team plays in Briggs Stadium, with 17,500 reserved seats available. In 1959 the Lion season ticket sale was 8,683; in 1957 the club set a new league record with a tremendous season ticket sale of 38,844. The average Lion crowd is some 2,000 over capacity and includes between 2,000 and 3,000 amateurs, who pay \$5 for the privilege of standing up and watching. The crowds include Detroit's industrialists, socialites and automobile workers.

Kerbow, a heavy-set flamboyant man who came to the Lions in 1948 from a job as publicity director of Michigan State University, has had much to do with the rapid growth of professional football interest in Detroit. He looks like an oversized George

continued



LION TAMING: (left) Smith, 24, the Bears' great, Detroit 27-7; (right) Smith, 24, the Bears' great, Detroit 27-7; (right) Smith, 24, the Bears' great, Detroit 27-7.

...THE LAST QUARTER

	TEAM	STANDING	MAYHEW'S PRE-SEASON RATING	OFFENSE		DEFENSE		COMMENT
				YDS. RUSH	YDS. PASS	YDS. RUSH	YDS. PASS	
EASTERN DIVISION	BROWNS	1	2	1,324	1,133	1,093	927	Great running of Jim Brown, surprising pairing of Tommy O'Connor combine with usual great defense to put Browns on inside track to title.
	GIANTS	2	1	1,405	1,429	1,344	1,034	With Old Pro Charlie Connerly having one of his best years, and with their tough defense, Giants could take title again if their best. Revere Dec. 13.
	STEELERS	3	4	613	1,422	1,024	982	Only a nearly total lack of a ground offense has kept Steelers back. Tough defense, adequate passing, Benji Parker's genius should keep club third.
	EAGLES	4	6	1,156	676	1,235	1,423	Loaded with talented newcomers, the Eagles took a long time to shake down but may improve on their place in the last three games of the year.
	REDSKINS	5 (TIE)	5	1,314	1,303	1,245	1,758	The Redskins, hindered by a weak pass defense, have been unable to get maximum use of good offense, will have to wait for next year, new blood.
	CARDINALS	5 (TIE)	3	1,079	1,290	1,473	1,588	With soft spots at linebacker and in the defensive line, the Cardinals have had trouble containing any opponent, should stay in the cellar.
WESTERN DIVISION	COLTS	1	6	1,352	1,640	787	1,591	Brilliant pairing of John Upton, backstopped by one of league's best defensive lines, abetted by strong running has Colts in front to stay.
	LIONS	2 (TIE)	3	1,271	1,665	1,340	1,289	A rash of injuries depleted the Lions of offensive strength at midseason; it may be too late to build strong offense for stretch drive.
	49ERS	2 (TIE)	4	1,146	1,545	1,590	1,796	Too thin to target, 49ers feel injured to key offense, defensive personnel and are fading fast after brilliant start, should drop deeper.
	RAMS	4 (TIE)	1	1,564	1,278	1,383	1,274	Eclectic Rams offense, equipped with fine personnel, has outplayed too often, defense has been lackluster. Rams may move up a notch with two home games.
	BEARS	4 (TIE)	2	1,274	1,430	927	1,373	Poor pass defense negated Bear running attack during early season; as pass defense gains savvy, Bears may approach previous rating.
	PACKERS	6	5	1,117	1,295	1,470	1,501	Shy a really topflight quarterback and in need of a solid running attack, too, the Packers have had a long season which will be even longer.



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Lions into Lions

continued

Raft with curly hair. In 1953, a few weeks after the club had replaced Ho McMillin as head coach with Parker, Kerbawy attended a meeting of the board of directors.

"The treasurer's report stated we had no money in the bank," Kerbawy said the other day. "One of my first official acts as business manager was to arrange a loan of \$50,000 from a local bank so that we could operate. Then I started our season ticket sales on February 1 instead of March 1 so we could pay off the loan. I guess we had the bank's money for about eight weeks, and we haven't had to borrow since."

Kerbawy launched an aggressive season ticket campaign; on the field, Parker began trading no-hunk up the Lion strength. The two programs dovetailed nicely; as the team became an amateur success it became a financial one, too. In 1948 and 1949 the Lions had lost a total of \$306,741.43. In 1950 the club showed a profit of \$18,834.65. That profit climbed steadily until it reached a high-water mark of \$178,855.67 in 1954; since then, rising costs and the lack of a state-wide off-season soccer home have trimmed the profit. In 1956 the club cleared \$119,483.35. As an indication of the rising costs of fielding a professional football team, the Lions' operating expenses in 1948 were some \$460,000; in 1956 the operating expenses were close to \$1,400,000.

WIN FOR THE MONEY

The Lions are ready for this season's run for the money. "We were hurt during part of the season by injuries," Wilson said the other day. "I took a count not long ago—we had 25 of our 35 players hurt at one time or another this year. Now most of them are back. Personnel is so even in this league that the deciding factor in a team's standing has become injuries and the breaks of the game. I think the league will decide the champion in the West from here on."

The Lion puno defense, long the best in the league, faltered for a while but is now regaining its form.

"The guys just weren't reacting," said Buster Ramsey, the Lion defensive coach. "They stood around and watched. You have to have real split-second reactions in the defensive secondary. Good deep backs are tough to find. Ideally, they have to be big enough to come up and tackle with authority and still have the speed and agility to cover the fastest backs and

ends in the league. It takes at least a year for a new player to work into a defensive unit, too. It takes that long for him to learn the habits of the players he works with and to learn to play pattern properly."

The Lion secondary is masterminded by Jack Christensen, a rugged, tough veteran who is regarded as the best defensive back in the league. Recently, against the Los Angeles Rams, Christensen and his mates intercepted six passes from the arm of Norman Van Brocklin, one of the league's better throwers.

"That was a good example of the teamwork you need for pass defense," Ramsey said. "Our defensive line was putting pressure on Van Brocklin. We were shooting a linebacker through to put more pressure on him, too. Long, one of the linebackers, Bob Long, 6 foot 4, 225-pounder, was getting in, and he is tall enough so that when Van Brocklin unloaded he had to put more loft on the ball than usual to get it over Long. That gave our deep-backs one day to get to the ball and, finally, that meant the six interceptions. Van only completed five passes that day."

The Lions' drive last Sunday ran smack into the same roadblock which denied them a division championship in 1956. The Chicago Bears, who have discovered that the simplest way to beat the Lions is to contain Bobby Layne, did so last Sunday with a determined, steady pressure from a charging defensive line and linebackers who shot through time and again to harry the Lion quarterback even more. Layne completed only 10 of 25 passes for 112 yards and the Lion offense fell apart. Sam Bear Owner George Hales, after the game: "It was the best game the Bears have played all season." Tobin Rose, who replaced Layne finally, fared worse, with two completions in 10 pass attempts. A bewildered George Wilson had no explanation for the defeat. "I just don't know how it happened," he said. "I just don't know."

Fortunately for the Lions, Layne's off days are rare. Despite the 27 loss to the Bears, the Lions will need only their crippled back in action, are in position for a strong bid through the last three games, against Green Bay on Monday, Thanksgiving Day, Cleveland at home 10 days later, and the Bears again, in Chicago. From here it appears to be a brief, rough journey that can be traveled successfully only if Layne does not take too many sick days.

END

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SOVIET HOCKEY

continued from page 19

Glynsheyn to the husky, blond Vladimir Alexandrov. A quick accurate shot, and it was 2-0. Shocked applause came again. This was stunningly even worse than we could have imagined. Could they go to 10⁰ to 20⁰?

Hockey was Canada's president of the Games, and an old anti-communist, sure to say later, "I used to watch the Germans proceed and think nobody ever could stop 'em. Then we found out that when you knocked them off stride so they couldn't go on step any more, they could be killed like anyone else."

That's what happened. For six or seven minutes of the first period the Russians measured the Canadians with beautiful passing, great puck control and biting speed they were clocked by Lloyd Pomeroy of Canada's Fast-Fading sports College in more time than any NHL player who has ever been timed. But then the Canadians began to knock them off stride.

They found out how during a penalty to Alex Cherepanov, for hooking. One component of any good power

play is better forechecking, denying the opponent substantially in his own end, never giving him a chance to get up speed on attacking patterns. The first Whiffy power play revealed a Russian weakness: the defense tends to back up, obscuring the view of their goals. There was a maze of defenders in front of the Russian goalkeeper George Savelenko of Whiffy fired a waist-high shot that caught the crease.

There is a noise a hockey crowd makes a few times a year. It is like a high-sustained claud, pounding and pulsant, bounding back from walls and roof and ice. We heard it then; and as the forechecking went on and the Russians were kept off stride, we heard it again, less than two minutes later, with the tying goal; and again in less than three with the goal that proved to be the winner, and again, diminishing now, more relaxed, with apprehension relaxed, into more before the end of the period. The second period was scoreless, but the Russians never hit their early stride again, and

continued



SOVIET CAPTAIN AND DEFENSEMAN Vladimir Alexandrov, center, Alexander Cherepanov, right, by center was winning 5-2, 10-0, 4-11, 10-0, 10-0, 10-0, 10-0, 10-0.

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SOVIET HOCKEY

continued

in the third Wharty ended two tries to revive the final 7-2.

Yet, as Illinois headed out to continue its run against teams as tough as the same, called as Wharty, the score remained. Two days later it had scarcely abated after the Russians had held the Windsor Bulldogs to a 4-0 tie. The Russian team was chosen just a week before it came to Canada. Many great players were here before and will be added later. Russia undoubtedly will impress Wharty, not as much.

And the Russians, even in one-sided defeat, impressed. This wasn't parity on the hockey ends. Canadians lost a return to the syndrome of sportsmanship, long gone from most hockey that we watch. Before the game, the teams exchanged mementoes and handshakes in rather low. Sid Smith, a 186-goal man in the NHL who recently was released by Toronto to Wmto as playing forward, gave Nikolai Sologubov a silver cup, received a purple pennant in return. And Sologubov, handing out the first trophy, both sides of the game, closed the puck and then turned to help the million Wharty player to his feet. Other friendly incidents were reported through the game.

By Albin

Later, when the Russians refused to abide on my grounds. The heat of the rink obviously sapped the energy of men used to playing outdoors, or in colder rinks, but they wouldn't admit this. And Coach Andrei Tarasov established a striking new mode for being rough in his comment on the following: "Very objective."

The Russians started playing ice hockey seriously only 10 years ago. They are already among the world leaders in speed skating for years. Essentially what they have done so far is to give hockey sticks to speed skaters and teach them the game, a superimposed rather than integrated process.

But now they are starting youngsters at 13 in organized leagues, as Canada does at seven earlier age. In that respect, Roman Kislovsky, official interpreter with the team the stands near the player bench at all times, for emergencies, made perhaps the most significant postgame remark. "It was a good lesson for us," he said. "This is what we came over here for. Your teams can teach us a lot."

To which a Canadian might make was reply: "That's exactly what we're afraid of."

END

SOVIET SOCCER

Received 17 June 2004; accepted 22

percheron Josephine, Openlow, Netto and Stridlow, who was inspired with a galled mule in his third.

On the Polish team, only Captain Gerhard Cieplik was cited a pregame man to watch, as when the Poles win it is more through spirited teamwork than individual efforts.

The Poles begin with a burst of clever and precise midfield passing that had many of the spectators hopefully murmuring, "The Poles are better. The Poles are just edging goal by inches."

Indeed, the Poles were consistently down around the Russian goal. They seemed more hopped up and more certain of themselves, although Hebrew

leap Jacobin smothered the ball on the ground. Here certainly was the negative turning point of the model.

For the next few minutes the Poles continued to press around the Russian goal and the Russians seemed unable to get the ball moving to the other end, although their tightly clustered defence, strongly generated by Netto, did not allow the Poles, who were attacking four abreast and without the necessary reserve depth, to penetrate Jaeschin with many shots.

But then again another quick play put the ball in front of the Russian goal, and again the fate of his nation was left to the whimsical feet of young



POLAND STAGGERED the power world in October by beating the Three Great Chars (Ed. in Science, 1/10/88) (James Hansen, Gerd Hoffmann, Eugene Isakov) 100% (see March spread).

Clagh said after the match that the tension in both teams, just before the kickoff, had been so apparent that many Russian and Polish players were actually trembling.

Time and again the Poles merged the Russian goal and it seemed as if they might get that all-important first score. Stankovic, in the 18th minute, Heynsoh passed to Jan Jankowski in front of the Russian goal, and Jankowski was alone in front of the tall Jaschin. Jankowski rushed in, Jaschin hesitated and then started out of goal. In this moment Jankowski had a chance to get that first goal with what Referee Claght later described as "an extraordinary shot." But the spectators saw no less than for young Jankowski. Instead of waiting for Jaschin to come out further, he went two miles, and with a wonderful sidestroke

fun Jankowski. And again the removals on Joachim bring himself full length to hug the bull to his chest.

The Poles had dominated the early part of the first half. Now, in the last 19 minutes, the Russians took over. They began to move the ball toward the Polish goal, but they came upon wonderful individual defenders, particularly Efst Rask Wonszak, who time and again tackled a Russian and carried away, striking up field with the ball.

Writing these minutes of Jarkkewold's second goal attempt, the direction and location of pass had changed completely. Now the play was centered around the Polaris penalty line, passing back and forward quickly and accurately. The feeling that it was only a matter of time before he'd score upon us. And

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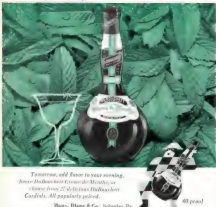
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SOVIET SOCCER

continued

was set. In the 39th minute Streltsov, quickly limping, shot high and the ball hit the crossbar, bounced straight down and, tragically, onto the back of goalkeeper Stefaniyev from where it rolled into the net. The Russians had the first goal; the positive turning point in the game had occurred.

At the beginning of the second half the refreshed Poles attacked with spirit for the first five or six minutes. Pasa began to say, "Now they are better again." Twice they made Jaschin leap to save a goal, but then the Russians again took command with a series of long passes—which earned the ball up against the Polish penalty box. The Russian players were remembering the warning issued after their defeat at Chornow by the Russian newspaper *Sovetskiy Sport*. At Chornow they had employed "much too academic a style of playing. . . . Only goals count," had cried *Sovetskiy Sport*, and now the Russians did not fiddle with the ball in midfield; with deadly efficiency they reeketed it into shooting position.

Poland, Slovakia

The second goal came in the 39th minute. The Russian center forward, Aleksei Mamedov, faked the Polish defense to his left with his shoulder and then went around to his right where he had a clean shot past Stefaniyev. The Russians led 2 to 0, which was to be the final score.

For the rest of the game the Poles never gave up trying, but they could not break through. A Polish attacker with the ball always seemed to be engulfed by red shirts. "One Pole is always between two Russians," someone muttered in the press box. "Poland, Poland," the 310,000 crowd, now pro-Polish, implored. But it was no use.

In the last five minutes the effects of the Russians' almost awesome physical condition began to tell on the Poles. At one time three of them were bent double with cramps, their hands on their knees on the ground, while not one Russian seemed to be puffing.

The better team won, although not overwhelmingly or easily. The Russians will be in Sweden next summer. But the glory of Poland and the Polish football team remains longer. The small satellite stood up to Moscow and even beat it once. For over a month the Soviet football plan for winning the World Cup had been stalled. That in itself was something close to a famous victory.

(END)

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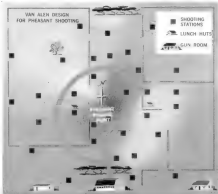
A Flurry of Pheasants

An American club tries pheasant shooting European style in New York and finds it rare sport

by **THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER**

A MOST UNUSUAL aggregation of sportsmen who call themselves Club Limited and who gather as often as 10 times a year to hunt and fish in choice sporting areas from Newfound-land to Mexico, gathered recently at James H. Van Alen's Separate Farm in Millbrook, N.Y., for a most unusual pheasant hunt. What they came for was a preserve shoot, European style—the type of shoot that can start a sportsman's argument in this country quicker than a man can pull a trigger.

A hundred or more years ago Continental sportsmen came to the conclusion that a pheasant flushed off the ground was not a very challenging target. For all his beauty, he was slow and loomed large in the eye of the hunter. They decided, therefore, that a more sporting way to shoot pheasants was confined



AT SEPARATE FARM SHOOT pheasants are tossed in air from hill (see map) and may fly in any direction over shooting stations (see map). No birds are released until Host Van Alen notifies release point by walkie-talkie that all gunners are safely in stands.



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Pheasant Flurry

continued

to drive or release them so they would fly fast and high over gunners stationed in the open or in blinds, commonly called stands.

The system worked, and proved high favor. Today it is the most popular form of shooting from Britain (SI, Nov. 24) to Czechoslovakia (SI, Oct. 2). But in many American eyes it has been considered unsporting, and some critics have denounced it as a form of wasteon slaughter on a par with plinking sitting ducks. Obviously, neither Hunt Van Alen nor the members of Club Limited held either of these extreme views. I was undecided—but went along to find out.

The first day of the Millbrook shoot, a Thursday, was warm and clear and a light westerly breeze brushed the mellow Millbrook farmland. Grouped outside the Separate-Farm gun room were 27 members and guests of Club Limited from as far away as Detroit.

They included such diverse business

interests as John C. Hauerwas, president of the U.S. Steel Company Products Division of New York; Jack Boone, sales manager of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. of New Haven, Conn.; M. C. Gale, president of the Monarch Edsel Co. of Hempstead, L.I.; Joseph Pickard, executive vice-president of the U.S. Trust Co. of New York, and many others (shown on this page and the pages following). Also present were Van Alen's son Jay, a senior at Yale, Gilbert Schneider at Cleveland, also at Yale, and Julio Noyes of New York. Jimmy Van Alen, 55, songwriter, poet, journalist, first-class court-tennis player and enthusiastic international sportsman, outlined the shooting procedure with gusto and great emphasis on observing safety precautions. Then shell hugs and shotguns were shouldered and everyone liked a quarter of a mile to the shooting area.

The area was grass-covered and bumpy, but dominated by a hill approximately 150 feet high (see map). At the top of the hill was a square enclosure of pine trees and boards. From

HAPPY Robert H. Evans, vice-president of Evans Products Co. of Farmington, Mich., stands in his morning ting of pheasants.



WALKING from gun room, after changing clothes to E. S. Evans, Jr., president of Evans Products Co. of Farmington, Mich.





REFLECTIVE John Noyes of New York shows his badge on his hunting hat that he is a veteran of many a Continental shoot.

here, as Van Allen had explained, the birds would be released. The tree enclosure, some 20 feet in height, would not only cause the pheasants to fly high when released but would also protect the men releasing them from stray shot.

Ringed the bottom of the hill were 112 stands—see page 1. Each stand was shielded with what looked like small signboards so that it would be impossible for one gunner to shoot another regardless of where he aimed at an incoming bird—a safety feature developed by Van Allen.

When all club members and guests had been assigned to stands, a whistle blew, and two of the three red flags flying over the hill came down. This signaled gunners that a release was about to begin and warned them to stay in their stands. The whistle blew again, another flag was run up, and almost immediately a cock pheasant went clacking skyward.

The bird cleared the trees and came boring down high over a stand aptly called Rocket. Rocket's gun

continued

SHOULDERING his gun, Robert C. Albright gets ready for the quarter-mile hike to Popocatepetl. Party preparations for hunting start.



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HUNGRY for business, F. C. Wood, vice president of Bunnell Martin, Inc. of New York, craves a hot cup of coffee from Thomas.

Pheasant Flurry

continued

beamed twice and the bird kept going. He was finally dropped on the second shot, from one of the outside stands.

Bird after bird came off the hill. Some dropped at the first shot, but I was surprised at the number that ran the gamut and landed unsathed out of range. I was less surprised after I had my first shot. The bird clanked above the hill and flew directly toward me. I crouched behind the cornstalk cover and hoped he would not swing off. When he was about 30 yards in front of me I stood up. I suddenly realized that, since the bird was flying at me and rising, I would have to hold over him to gain proper lead. So I held over, and the gun barrel blocked out the pheasant. Rusty at best on such blind shots, I switched plans and decided to take him right above me. He whirled over at 80 feet. I swung and missed with both barrels. He was moving faster and more erratically than

WAITING for pheasants, Dr. John R. Hays, Jr. of New York, waits on point with binoculars and shotgun in hand.





RESTING between shots, Dr. B. DeFelice, a medical practitioner in the medical field, Corp. of New York, is a member of the Club. 40



WATCHING for signs to signal afternoon shoot in "Jaguar" Club. Van, president of the Club, is a member of the Club. 40

are pleasant. I had never flushed any where. At that point any negative opinions which I might have held concerning so-called live-bird shoots were drastically revised.

When 40 pheasants had been released, the whole show again, signaling the end of the first round, and everyone turned around to watch it. In this way each shooter got a chance from a variety of positions. High point of the shoot came in the afternoon with the release of a white pheasant. For bagging it, Earl F. Rans, president of Debar Haulage Co. of Jersey City, collected Club Limited's daily jackpot.

All in all, 350 birds were released to 22 guns that first day; 214 birds were killed. I had 52 shots and accounted for seven birds. The second day 450 were down and 224 killed. This adds to a total of 700 pheasants released and 434 harvested, for a percentage of 62. Considering the fact that Club Limited is comprised of men who are excellent shots, the figure hardly represents a slaughter. Rather it is indicative of a

highly sporting shoot, as far as the match-between-man-and-pheasant is concerned.

There probably isn't a sportsman alive who, having tried and been rewarded with the merit of the European type of hunt, will not still miss the thrill of a dog making game in wild cover or the startling burst of a flashing wild bird. But a man can't have everything, and the Van Alen-type shoot—if lacking in these respects—has great appeal for the man who enjoys a sporting challenge and who is limited in time rather than means. Van Alen will arrange a pheasant shoot for seven to 20 guns at a minimum of 20 birds a gun. At \$5 a bird this amounts to \$100 a day per gun. At the moment there are few other such public shoots in the country. But, as more and more men turn to positive shooting in the future, it is likely that shoots such as Jimmy Van Alen's will come into their own. They will have to. There simply doesn't seem to be any more sporting way to shoot a pheasant. **END**

RELAXING after last's shoot in the company of other members Van Alen plays guitar and sings, New York, is a member of the Club. The Western Musical, singing, club. William L. Jones, president of the Club, is a member of the Club. 40



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TIP FROM THE TOP

from **BOBBY CRUCKSHANK**
Claremont Country Club, Pittsburgh, Pa.



ESPECIALLY FOR SPRAY HITTERS

If you stand on the first tee at any club, you will see that most missed shots are caused by the very first move made by the player: the way the stance and arm were taken.

If this is one of your troubles, here is a tip to work on the next time you go out to the practice tee. Stand back of the ball and look over the target. Get a mental picture of what you want to do. Get your grip and set the left arm so that it forms a proper angle with the shaft; the shaft should be almost a direct continuation of the line of the fully extended left arm. Maintain this stretch of the left arm as you walk up to get set at the ball.

Now place the right foot and the club head in their respective positions, with the club face behind the ball, squarely at right angles to the line of flight. Then point the left shoulder toward the objective and not to the right of it, as women especially do. Now place the left foot in position, so that the ball is opposite the left foot. You are now ready and aligned so that you can execute a swing that is an integrated one-piece movement.

When you are practicing this method of aiming the shot properly, remember that it is all-important that the club head should remain squarely behind the ball until both feet have been set and the body has assumed its correct position.



Bobby Cruckshank illustrates his method for aiming his shots.

NEXT WEEK: LEOBACH GRIMMAN ON THE STRAIGHT LEFT ARM



"I'm glad they
still brew a beer
like this!"



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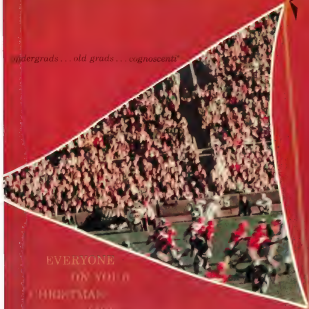


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and the following after CHRISTMAS.



*Specially developed for sports fans.



CARDS ON THE TABLE

by CHARLES GOREN

The World's Best Two-Hand Game

WHenever I am asked to recommend the best form of two-hand bridge, honesty compels me to suggest cribbage. Bridge, an incomparable game for four, doesn't belong on a honeymoon unless it be a two-couple honeymoon. Cribbage, on the other hand, is the best and most exciting two-player card game that I know.

No doubt it would also be the most popular were it not for that bugaboo to the beginner, the cribbage board! The board has been so closely identified with the game that millions of people who play other card games are astonished when they learn that cribbage, too, is played with cards—the same 52-card deck used for bridge, or rummy, or poker.

The board is merely a score-keeping device—convenient, but by no means essential. The score may readily be kept with chips or coins or matches. Each player begins with a stock of counters totaling 61 or 131. As each score is announced, he sheds the appropriate number of counters. First to exhaust his counters is the winner. However, you'll probably hasten to acquire a board as soon as you have discovered how much fun cribbage affords.

You are right if you think cribbage an old game, but quite wrong if you think it old-fashioned. Though it remains substantially unchanged since its introduction in England early in the 17th century, cribbage possesses many of the exciting features that make modern games popular, plus a few special wrinkles all its own.

Like gin rummy, today's two-hand favorite, cribbage is a race to achieve a game-winning score. Many of the combinations that count toward this score are similar to the familiar runs and matched sets that are valuable in all rummy games. Where, in gin, you double your winnings if your opponent fails to score, in cribbage you double them if you

can go out before he has scored half the necessary total; then he is said to be "larched," whence comes the familiar expression "left in the larch."

You can come from far behind and win. You can beat an opponent who is about to roll up a tremendous score if you are lucky enough and skillful enough to count out before he can count at all. In many a deal, the play will end with one player within a single point of victory, only to see his opponent snatch the game before that single point can be scored.

To many players, the best feature of all is that cribbage is a game of imagination and skill, yet it demands no burdensome remembering of the cards.

Some 13 million Americans play cribbage, most of them centered in New England, around the Great Lakes and on the Pacific Coast. In New England, where the game landed along with the Pilgrims, there are cribbage leagues and cribbage tournaments; railroads like the Boston & Maine supply their passengers with cribbage boards on request; and some of the newspapers carry cribbage reports as a regular sports feature.

If you are a novice, you can soon discover the fascination of this swift and exciting game by learning as you play. Read through the rules, summon your favorite opponent, trot out a deck of cards and deal 'em out.

Cribbage is a jovial kind of game in which both players have a good time. But it is always more fun to win, which is what I am about to try to help you do.

TURN PAGE FOR GOREN'S 34 CRIBBAGE TIPS

—AND 10 PROBLEMS TO TEST YOUR SKILL

24 TIPS ON CRIBBAGE

ANY ONE of the following 24 tips may be enough to win a game for you.

LAYING AWAY—early in game.

Non-dealer:

1 Give opponent's crib "balking" cards—wide cards, separated by two or more ranks, reduce chances of a sequence; 10-point cards are also good balkers.

2 Give up a few points, if necessary, to avoid helping dealer's crib; but,

3 With a high-scoring hand, save the maximum count, even if your layaway must help the dealer.

4 As between 10-point cards, usually keep a jack, which may score 1 point for his suit.

Dealer:

5 Give your own crib "near" cards that may help form a sequence.

6 Lay away a 5 if you can spare one, to take advantage of the likelihood opponent will throw 10-point cards.

7 Don't count only your hand. Give up a few points if it enhances the chance to improve both hand and crib.

Both players:

8 Usually hold a run, even at the expense of 15s. Runs have the best chance of improving.

9 With poor scoring hands, save low cards that may count for you in play.

10 Always consider the great likelihood that a 10-point card will be the starter.

LAYING AWAY—late in game.

Non-dealer:

11 With hand sure to go out, sacrifice count, if necessary, in order to keep down opponent's score in the play. Your hand counts first.

12 If dealer is sure to win, given a chance to count, sacrifice points in your hand if it will give you a chance at a big score with a lucky starter.

13 Don't break up your hand to avoid giving good cards to opponent's crib.

Dealer:

14 Whether you are ahead or not, a high count will be no good to you if opponent goes out before you can show. Break up scoring combinations, if necessary, in order to control play. Remember, if another deal is played, your hand will be counted first.

POINTS IN PLAY

15 The best opening lead is a 4. Opponent cannot make 15 and, whatever he plays next, you will have a chance to do so.

16 Other low cards are safe leads, but

5-2-A are much more valuable when held to play for go or 31.

17 Avoid leading a 5. Also avoid 6, 7, 8 or 9 unless you have near cards which will enable you to counter if your opponent scores.

18 As between two scoring plays, play yours to leave the opponent unable to counter without going over 31.

19 With choice of scoring plays, choose the one that leaves you the best chance to control go, or to make 31, or the one that will give your opponent the least chance of countering.

20 When well ahead, play "to 31"—that is, away from scoring chances—even by sacrificing points you might score, unless you have a sure counter score.

21 When opponent is ahead, or is ahead or when he may count out in the showing, "play out," risking an opposing score if it improves your chance to win during the play.

22 Holding all low cards may help your opponent control two goes.

23 Consider the cards opponent plays as clues to the other cards he is likely to have kept.

24 With choice of plays, select the one which gives your opponent the vaguest clue to your hand.

TWO GOOD CRIBBAGE HANDS. NEW TYPE BOARD PERMITS SCORING ALONG SINGLE SNAKY ROUTE INSTEAD OF UP AND DOWN LINES



... AND 16 PROBLEMS

THE following situations occur in the early or middle game with no great discrepancy in the score. In each of the following examples, which cards would you lay away (i) to your own crib; (ii) to opponent's crib . . .

Q with 10-9-8-7-7-67

A (i) 10-8. (ii) 10-5. Each retains the double run but puts near cards in your own crib, wide cards in opponent's to lessen likelihood of run.

Q with J-8-5-5-2-A7

A (i) J-5. This costs you a 15, as compared with laying away 3-2, but it takes advantage of the likelihood your opponent will throw 10-point cards and leaves you with a fine chance to improve if starter is any card but 7 or 8.

(ii) 5-A. You cannot consider laying away either the 5 or the pair of deuces. You leave yourself 4 points and hope the starter will be 2, 3, 8 or any 10-point card.

Q with 8-7-4-3-2-A7

A (i) 8-7. It is well worth the sacrifice of a 15 to put two near cards in your crib and leave your hand with a four-card run which must improve from two to six points, regardless of the rank of the starter.

(ii) 7-A. Wide cards to the opponent, with a score of five and improvement of from one to seven points sure unless starter is a 7.

Q with Q-9-7-6-4-27

A (i) or (ii) Q-7. This leaves you with two 10s, a fair chance to improve and a reasonably flexible hand for the play.

Q with Q-J-10-8-6-67

A (i) 6-6, leaving both hand and crib best chance to make a big score.

(ii) Q-6. Balking cards, leaving you a score of 5 and a fair chance to improve with favorable starter.

Q with J-10-7-4-4-A7

A (i) J-10. Dealer can afford to sacrifice a 15 to put two near cards in his crib, expecting high-card layoffs.

(ii) 10-7, leaving you a 6-point score. While J-7 would be wiser, the chance to score a point for his nohs is well worth the slight additional risk.

In each of the following cases, which card would you lead . . .

Q with J-10-8-A7

A The 4. Classically best and safest in almost all circumstances.

Q with 8-8-7-67

A An 8. If dealer plays 8 for 2, you score 8 with an 8 for pair royal; if he plays 7 for 2 (a 15), you counter with 7 for 2, or with 6 for 3.

Q with K-K-Q-37

A A king. If he pairs you will pair royal and also make a possible 6. You are playing for the go possibility if he should play any 10-point card, and you have a fair chance of controlling first go if he plays any card from 5 to 8.

Q with K-5-5-A7

A The king. The 5 will almost surely give him a 15; the ace is your hope of a go or a 31.

In each of the following cases, which card would you play in response to the lead (ii) N, non-dealer?

Q N leads 8. Dealer's hand: K-10-5-A.

A The king. The 10 is too near; the 5 and A are best retained for later.

Q N leads 4. Dealer's hand: Q-7-3-6.

A The queen. If opponent has an ace, the 15 for which he scores may cost

him a later go. If he plays any 10-point card your 7 will give you 31 for 2.

Q N leads 7. Dealer's hand: 5-5-4-4.

A The 5. If N counters with a 6 for a run of three, or with a 3 for fifteen 2, you will retaliate with a 4 for a run, scoring 4 or 3.

Q N leads 6. Dealer's hand: 7-4-3-A.

A The 4. This is a case where you must play "on" risking that he has a 5 and will score 5 (2 for 15; 3 for run). In return you will play 7 for 4 with reasonable expectation of controlling the go.

In the following questions, either player can win the game by scoring four points.

Q What should dealer and non-dealer lay away with the following hand: K-7-3-4-2-A7

A (i) K-2. It is difficult to prescribe an exact answer, but the point here is to hold the best playing combination, ignoring all other considerations. Dealer cannot hope to get to show his hand and must score 4 points in play while preventing his opponent from doing so.

(ii) 7-2. Non-dealer leaves himself a hand with wide cards that will enable him to play "off" but he cannot afford to strip himself of a count that will ensure winning the game even if he fails to score a point in the play. He hopes that this may turn out to be one of those deals in which only go will be scored. However, he has a perfect lead, the 4, and a good chance for 15 if dealer plays a 10-point card.

Q N leads 4. What should dealer play from: K-7-2-A7

A The K. In order to score for 15, his opponent will have to play ace. Dealer will retaliate with ace scoring 2 for pair and with 7-2 remaining he stands a reasonable chance of controlling the go and winning the game. **END**

BONNIE PRUDDEN

21

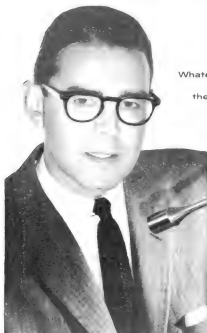
This is the second variation on the basic pelvic tilt supine



Stand with your feet apart, bend your knees and place your hands on the bent knees while keeping your head up, back straight and seat high above. In the second position (right), tuck your seat under your torso and tighten both your seat and your abdominal muscles while dropping your head and continuing to rest your hands on your bent knees. Hold this position for a few seconds and then return to the first position. Repeat the exercise 10 times. Include use of the pelvic tilt in your program at least three times every week.

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COMMANDER
EUGENE F. McDONALD JR.

*President of Zeeb-Radio
and famous jackass*



SAYS: The land is only useful to tie a boat to—and once in a while to try to make a living on.

VICTOR E. ANDERSON

Minister of Nebraska



The commander doesn't know Nebraska. He's the only state with no oceans, lakes or tributary seas. Although, there's no navigable waters, we do have a navy, and I have a companion (Commander McDonald) on Adams in the Nebraska Navy assigned to the governor's staff.

CAPT. M. G. HALL

American Airlines pilot



The land looks more beautiful from the air. True, it is useful to "tie up to," but I got perturbed when seeing a busy street or driving on the crowded highways. Think you really belong to "the quack or the duck?" The way Commander McDonald's boat won't even need to make a living on.

A. L. DRESMAN

Los Angeles University of the Board of Directors, Inc.



Let me say it this way: A big fish boats to swim, which is fortunate, because of all sports swimming is the best body-developer. Then he is, naturally, to boating, which makes every man a captain. So I put my nose for the surf and the sea with three thousand Commander McDonald.

DAVID RUSS

Chicago President of Women's Third Corp.



I think that water is wonderful for bathing, and as a South rider, too. A sunset down at the beach can provide a splendid view. But, it's not down to business, building houses or a station. And quite frankly, Commander McDonald, again makes a very poor companion.

VYE KUSNER

U.S. Christmas Tree Lane



I know what Christmas means, since I learned how to sail in my early teens and I seldom let a weekend slip by without sailing. To me, one little light flickering before the cabin is more welcoming than a house laden with lights at Christmas when you have returned for the holidays.

CAROLYN COLBORN

Dallas, Texas Graduate, 1965, University of Texas



The extent of my nose going was a ride to the Statue of Liberty. However, I'd like to write the commander to a different kind of sailing, a ride on a square bow, trained for cutting contact, where he goes to a designated street and turns him out of the herd. That's real economy.

MING TANA

Minister of State's Secretary



The owner of Zeeb-Radio can afford to say that because he doesn't have to "man the boat while trying to make a living on the land." I love sailing, but since I work hard for my living, the sea isn't good to consistently make me forget that life is after all, a miracle of the first.

JAMES A. HART

Chicago Master of the Boat



I've had a hunch that my friend Commander McDonald is a direct descendant of Noah. Now I'm sure of it. I love both the land and the sea that our mother's handed down to us. But in this day and age, I love the sea. After all, isn't it more real?

JEFF CHANDLER

Los Angeles Master



I appreciate his love for the sea. Unfortunately, it isn't shared by our municipal authorities. When for I go surf surfing, I'm quite apt to slip on a banana peel or kindred objects. It's a good thing we have cruises and sailboats. With Tule Sam would leave me enough to buy one.

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TAKE OVER

He is I bet your last, and, well,
J. R. Duncan

● It was indeed with those of many others, as readers with a taste for sciences, already known (see SI, Nov. 23, page 18) — K.D.

RELAISON: THE MANAGE OF LIFE

The following is, purportedly, personal reflection, not criticism, that of the University of Oklahoma, to the article by Tom Mangan on November 15, 1999, "Inequitable Education."

The success of the athletics trackball team is based primarily on a more essential relational value . . . , superlative teaching by the coaches and a positive student attitude, which goes into play during a training desire to learn and excel.

Their very geographic location is a character of the university and its cultural extension, it is an arena where we must have a new, a different kind of a respect of our athletic program. . . .

[illegible]

Other scholars, such as the late, noted linguist and lexicographer, George Yule, have argued that the use of the word "dialect" is a slur, and that the word "register" is more appropriate. Yule also argued that the word "dialect" is a slur, and that the word "register" is more appropriate. Yule also argued that the word "dialect" is a slur, and that the word "register" is more appropriate. Yule also argued that the word "dialect" is a slur, and that the word "register" is more appropriate.

1. *How do you think the world will change in the next 50 years?*

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1. M. Higgins, *can. Colloquies*
M. Higgins, *can. Colloquies*

PAT ON THE BACK



C. RONALD ELLIS AND FRIENDS

TWIL: 1960 Olympic Games are still two and a half years away, but the service clubs of Palm Springs, Calif. have the date clearly in mind—and they have devised an ingenious and admirable plan which, as it spreads, could make U.S. service clubs the principal financial sponsors of the U.S. squads at Rome and Squaw Valley. The scheme, known as the Palm Springs Plan, is simple enough: each service club member contributes \$5 a year to a Palm Springs Olympic Fund chest. Since well over a million Americans are members of service clubs, and since the tab for travel and maintenance of U.S. Olympic athletes

will be in the neighborhood of \$1 million or so, the possibilities are obvious. Inventor's credit for the Palm Springs Plan goes to C. Ronald Ellis, president of the Palm Springs Rotary Club (at right in the picture above). But joining with him enthusiastically were his fellow service club presidents in the desert community (shown above with their guest of honor, the Rev. Bob Richards, at left). Pairing their first \$118 worth of quarters into the Olympic "pot" are Presidents Roy Randolph, Optimist Club; Elsie Addison, Soroptimists; Elmer Wallberg, Lions; James Perini, Kiwanis; and Roger Richards, the Exchange Club.



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